The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LXXI NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MAY 18, 1932 NUMBER 911

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The Week

WILLIAM R. CASTLE, Acting Secretary of State, has expressed what we assume to be the official attitude of the administration regarding the question of economic boycotts against violators of the peace pacts, and on the question of sanctions in general. He pointed out that official boycotts cannot be enforced without military measures, and that there is no cure for a war system by means of war. The American objection to tying ourselves to the use of sanctions is what keeps us out of the League of Nations, since, under Article 16 of the Covenant, sanctions, both economic and military, are provided for. While Mr. Castle put his opposition on more strictly nationalistic grounds than we should do (he objected to delegating to any international body the power to say when and how the armed forces of the United States should be used), we think that in general he is right, and we are glad that the administration holds this view. We do not believe anything is to be gained by emphasis of the measures of restraint to be used against nations which may violate their pledges against aggression. If nations persist in aggression, there is no possibility of avoiding war in any case; rendering to moral force what she gained by force the problem then becomes to delimit its area. The [illegible] of arms. After a desperate at[illegible]

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real hope of advance lies in the dissolution and suppression, within each country, of those interests and vested habits which lead to imperialism, and the adjustment of real causes of international difficulty before they become acute. Let everyone put to himself the question whether he would be willing to fight any people whom the existing governments of France, Great Britain, Italy and the United States might decide to be outlawed.

IN REPLY to Mr. Castle, Evans Clark of the Twentieth Century Fund wrote a letter pointing out that a committee on Economic Sanctions has made new proposals for supplementing the Pact of Paris which would avoid some of the objections to Article 16 of the League Covenant. The proposed protocol would bind the signatories, in the event of hostilities or threat of hostilities, to consult about measures to keep the peace. Nothing more than this would be promised. The Committee further suggested that among such measures would be cessation of shipment of arms, munitions or other absolute contraband, and other measures which might be thought appropriate and practical in the particular case, *short of the use of armed force.* This procedure is of course infinitely preferable to Article 16, which makes complete economic sanctions automatic and compulsory, and distinctly authorizes military sanctions. There are, however, even in the case of a milder measure of this sort, great difficulties. Is it practical to expect a selective embargo on contraband to be effective if it is based solely on the civilian power of the several nations and does not involve policing the seas? If it were effective, would not the nation being punished resent the fact and undertake reprisals which might lead to war? Then, too, the milder and less certain the punishment threatened, the less its deterrent effect. We cannot honestly hope for a path out of war by any such route.

UNDER ordinary circumstances, the peace agreement between the Chinese and Japanese governments signed in Shanghai on May 5 would be considered a brave victory for world peace and for the League of Nations. Japan, so it seems, is sur-

had defeated a Chinese army and conquered the district around Shanghai, but her diplomats at Geneva had been unable to resist the public opinion of the world: having a weaker cause, they had spoken with less authority than the diplomats of such smaller powers as Belgium, Switzerland and Czechoslovakia. At present, Japan is surrendering her conquest; her troops are reëmbarking, and the peace agreement says nothing whatever about the Chinese boycott, generally offered as the reason why she went to war. This is the bright picture, but it has a darker side. For one thing, there seems to be little doubt that the Chinese government—such as it is—made a secret agreement to end the boycott and suppress all anti-Japanese associations. It is a question whether any government in China can yield to Japan without being overthrown by a popular revolt, and certainly the Nanking government seems on the point of falling. For another thing, peace at Shanghai is by no means equivalent to peace in the whole Far East. The Japanese Third Division, now withdrawing from the battlefield, is not returning to Japan. It is being sent to Manchuria to fight the rebels there, and incidentally to offer a new threat to the Soviet army stationed along the Siberian border.

WORLD peace, as a matter of fact, is more gravely threatened than it has been since the spring of 1914. Here are a very few of the danger signals: in Manchuria, the Japanese troops had agreed to halt at Hailin, a town about 125 miles from Siberia. They have broken this agreement by advancing some fifty miles farther, and soon they may come into contact with the Soviet border patrols. It is also rumored that they are about to seize the Chinese Eastern Railway and arrest its Russian management. In Russia, there are feverish preparations for defense. In Czechoslovakia, the Skoda works are reported to be working overtime on munitions contracts for shipment to Japan. The Skoda works are financed and controlled by the Banque de l'Union Parisienne, which has an interlocking directorate with the great French firm of Schneider et Cie., which in turn controls some of the leading French newspapers. In Rumania, a new factory of Red-atrocity stories has taken the place of the old one at Riga; it is significant that every former attempt at intervention in Russia has been preceded by similar accounts of persecutions and massacres. In Japan, the Fascist elements are planning to take over the government. Part of their program consists in the colonization of Manchuria and further conquests on the mainland of Asia. The Tokio newspapers report that the whole American fleet is being concentrated in the Pacific. Perhaps the most dangerous sign of all is the fact that business men throughout the world are saying that what we need is "a good second-class war" to restore prosperity. It is probable that all governments want peace, but the policy of governments in flicting, just as it was in 1914. It is a moment when public opinion, if it expressed itself firmly against war, might prove for once at least to be decisive.

THE run-off election in France has had the expected results. The new Chamber will be much farther to the left than the last one, and Tardieu will be replaced as Premier, if not by Herriot himself, at least by someone amenable to his wishes. Herriot's Radical Socialist party has gained about forty-seven votes, an event which would be more interesting if it were even mildly radical. The Socialist party, which lives up to its name much more fully, increased by seventeen votes, the Communistic Socialists by six and the Communists by two. These results are not significant, however, since the Left parties had an agreement in many districts that they would not put up candidates against one another. The size of the vote for the Left group was somewhat surprising in view of the assassination of President Doumer, which might have been expected to cause a swing to the Right and the parties of "law and order"; and also because it followed so closely upon Hitler's spectacular success in Germany. While we should be glad to believe that Herriot, or someone associated with him, will take the drastic steps necessary for the rescue of Europe, the chance seems to us too small for anyone to build hopes upon it.

THE assassination of President Doumer by a mentally unbalanced Russian emigré is a tragedy; and not the least tragic aspect of it is the despicable attempt promptly made by the French police to use the affair as a club with which to attack Soviet Russia. There is not a shred of evidence that Paul Gorgulov is a Communist. He calls himself a Green Russian and has cherished a crazy plan for transforming Russia into a Fascist state with himself as its Mussolini. He insists that he killed Doumer because he believed that France was helping the Soviets, although just the contrary is true. Alienists in Czechoslovakia long ago pronounced an official verdict that Gorgulov is subject to fits of insanity. As for the idea that he was used as a tool by the Moscow government, anybody except a Chief of Police should be aware that the Communists are rigidly opposed to assassination, placing all their hopes in mass tactics. But the death of Doumer seemed to the French officials too good a chance to miss, and promptly, in the face of the facts, they announced that the assassin was in league with Moscow.

ANOTHER of the magic formulas by which the depression was to be ended has failed to work. The administration was building great hopes upon heavy sales of the new Ford automobile, and new models of other cars, a fact which undoubtedly helped persuade Mr. Hoover to issue his extraordinary recent

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a car to put their orders in at once. But the miracle hasn't happened; the sale of automobiles has shrunk to about 40 percent of "normal" and even the new Ford, we are told, is off to a bad start. There are no reliable signs of any improvement in general business, and every little rally in the stock market is followed by a decline to new low levels. Gloom in Washington is so thick that we should not be surprised to hear pedestrians are using flashlights as they walk the streets at midday. The depression is tragic enough, God knows; and not its least tragic aspect is the complete failure of the President and his advisers, after thirty months of it, to understand what caused it and what will cure it. They still believe that it is an accidental, sudden calamity, an inexplicable illness following a state of health; and that if they only get from the right voodoo doctor, the right magical trick, suddenly all will be well again. If anything could keep the depression going for a decade, it would be the maintenance of that attitude.

WHILE cutting steel wages 15 percent, after the 10-percent cut of a few months ago, the United States Steel Corporation makes it known that a corresponding reduction of prices will be resisted. The aim, therefore, cannot even be represented as an endeavor to aid recovery from depression and enlarge employment. The stock market immediately recognized the purpose of the action by bidding up the price of Steel common. The existing earnings from the sale of steel are to be divided with greater consideration for capital and less for labor—that is the sum and substance of the decision. The action was taken by a board of self-perpetuating autocrats, who by their opposition to the organization of labor in their plants have escaped any check on the part of the workers, who are not subject to governmental control, and who even have no real dependence on the owners of a majority of stock in the corporation. Even their immediate goal will be lost unless accident or action on the part of some other agency brings us out of the depression. The last time they cut wages, stock prices rose and short-sighted individuals hailed the beginning of recovery, but since then the market has sunk lower than ever.

IF ANYONE wants to understand the American disrespect for law, he has but to look at the Massie-Fortescue murder case and the opinions of it expressed in the United States. The almost universal assumptions are: first, that law is meant to be obeyed by others but not by us; second, that the victim of a supposed crime and his or her relatives have the right to judge the guilt of the accused and execute sentence on him if the courts do not in this respect act as the victim believes they should, and if the victim belongs to a master class or master race and the alleged criminal to an inferior one. Americans do not believe it necessary, furthermore, that these assumptions should themselves be embodied in the legal code. We simply favor abrogating the legal code when they are involved. If we honestly had respect for law, the present agitation would demand an amendment to the criminal law as follows: "No white person shall be guilty of murder if he kills a member of another race, believing him guilty of a crime of violence against a member of the killer's family."

THE last few months have not improved Austria's economic position. More than seventy million dollars in short and long-term interest bonds will soon fall due and, since the machinery of the Bank for International Settlement moves with all the slowness of a bureaucratic institution, it is more than probable that a new moratorium will have to be granted if Austria is to maintain an outward appearance of solvency. This would permit a regulation of the schilling to adjust its nominal value in Austria to the much lower international exchange rate. Meanwhile political developments have resulted in the resignation of the coalition government, which consisted of a Christian Social majority and a minority representing the Pan-German parties. The unexpected growth of National Socialist sentiment displayed in the provincial elections held on April 24, placed the government under the alternatives of ordering new national elections or replacing the Buresch government with one more representative of the present political constellation. The Austrian National Socialist party is a recent offshoot of the German Hitler organization and openly acknowledges the leadership of its Munich headquarters. One of Hitler's trusted lieutenants was in Vianna during the ten weeks preceding the election and the entire propaganda was under his command. The National Socialist party has completely wiped out the Heimwehr, the former Fascist organization, led by Prince Starhemberg. In Vienna where, three years ago, the Heimwehr had polled 27,000 votes, the new movement united more than 200,000 votes on its candidates, coming dangerously near to equaling the Christian Social party—next to the Social Democratic party the majority group in Austria. The Social Democratic party still led the list in Vienna with 680,000 votes. The Christian Social party barely managed to retain its second position with its 230,000 votes. In Vienna the Hitlerites will have fifteen, the Christian Socials nineteen, and the Social Democrats sixty-six deputies. The Communists are still unrepresented in either the Viennese or any of the other provincial legislatures and in the national parliament, although their vote has been increased.

"ALFALFA BILL" Murray of Oklahoma is known to most people for his vague Populism, for using soldiers to close oil wells, for chaining down the chairs in his office, and for drinking huge quantities of black coffee. But he has his more serious side. He is, for example, an incorrigible enemy of aca-

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demic freedom. Since he has been Governor, he has instituted what is little less than a reign of terror among the publicly supported educational institutions of the state. His motto is that any educator who draws his pay from the state treasury must be for Alfalfa Bill, first, last and always. Some months ago, he did his best to remove from office Frank Buttram, a member of the Board of Regents of the University of Oklahoma, and a political opponent of the Governor. Murray took his action on the unjustified charge that "the presses of the University had run overtime" turning out campaign literature for Buttram to use against him. When the legality of the Governor's action was questioned, he compromised, accepted Buttram's resignation and put in his place a man chosen by the University alumni. Now he has gone still further and has summarily removed from office President E. E. Brown of the Southwestern Teachers' College at Weatherford. President Brown is charged with the dreadful crime of "permitting some members of the faculty to work and vote" against certain initiative measures in which Alfalfa Bill was interested. He has been replaced by a man whose chief educational qualification is that he is a loyal and industrious friend of the Governor, and has had some experience as a director of the State Rehabilitation Service. As a result of the Governor's activities, no member of the faculty of any state educational institution dares to draw a free breath. Like the famous Bilbo of Mississippi, Governor Murray has never heard of freedom of speech in the classroom, wouldn't understand it if he did hear of it, and obviously would not respect it even if he ever discovered what it is all about.

IN VIEW, first, of the agitation for an embargo against Russian matches because they are, it is charged, the product of forced labor, and second, of the disclosures concerning the Kreuger finances, we respectfully suggest an embargo against Swedish matches because they are the product of forced capital.

The Mob and Its Leaders

CONGRESS has been called, in contemptuous newspaper editorials, a "leaderless mob." The President has spoken for an "aroused public," and a great victory has been achieved. If that had not occurred, the calls for a more powerful agency to subdue this instrument of democracy would have swelled to louder volume. Put the national leaders of the Democrats in a room with the Republican leaders, and let them tell Congress what to do. For, so it was said, we faced a great crisis, to be met by nonpartisan measures, and what was needed was some force great enough to make Congress do "its duty."

Now, in spite of all that may truthfully be said out the failings of Congress—and volumes may be said about them—we incline to the opinion that there is a somewhat higher leavening of intelligence and of devotion to public duty among its members than there is among the constituents who elect it. Congress, after all, consists of pretty representative Americans. It reflects faithfully what the highly miscellaneous groups in America are thinking and saying. The confusion in its counsels, the clashing of interests in its committee rooms, are merely a concentrated echo of what takes place outside. Its saving grace is that there are in it some few members who occasionally rise above this confusion to pay some attention to reason, common sense, consistency and the interests of those majorities of the citizenry who are least vocal. But, as a rule, it is these very men who are most roundly condemned by the newspaper writers. The real mob which we have just seen in action is not in Congress, but in average middle-class America. It is not a leaderless mob, moreover; its leaders were private financiers, the writers of editorials and the President himself. And its success is roughly equivalent to the success which may be achieved by any mob—pointless action, for the sake of relieving its own emotions.

A mob always finds its motive, not in reason, not in a well adjusted program or deliberate purpose, but in some primitive emotion like fear or hate. The mob of business men, bankers and popular writers was scared to death by the continuous fall of commodity prices, of the stock market, of production. When its attention was suddenly directed toward government expenditures which were running ahead of receipts, it developed an acute fit of nerves. "Balance the budget" became its rote-repeated slogan.

Reasoning and inquiring minds which had avoided panic asked just why it was acutely necessary to balance the budget at this juncture. These inquirers had always been opposed to the wasting of public money, to spending huge amounts on armaments, to building up a favored class of pensioners among war veterans and their dependents. They had always opposed inadequate taxation. They were not in favor of a continuous government deficit, in prosperous times as well as in depressed ones. But they pointed out certain considerations which can scarcely be controverted. The important task was to stimulate the return of prosperity. If business were active, even the old tax rates would yield a surplus. Depression means spending less and less. If prosperity is ever to return, somebody must begin to spend more. The present Federal Reserve policy of enlarging the credit base is directed toward larger spending on the part of private business. But private business is not spending more. It is a truism which has been repeated over and over in past years that when private business, especially private construction, diminishes, government can help redress the balance by enlarging its own building. The government can do this because in a depression it can make use

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of idle credit resources. It can borrow when times are bad and pay back when times are good. When the government borrowed and spent large amounts of money during the War, employment was full, even though the money was spent for destructive purposes. Nobody worried then about the federal debt, though our wealth-producing equipment and our population were far smaller than today, and the debt was billions larger. Is not this emergency as great as that of war?

But these considerations were ignored by the leaders of the mob. Like any undisciplined and restive crowd, they were impervious to reason. Did they expect the depression to go on forever? If so, what good would balancing the budget do? If not, why the terror about the budget? They could not stop to think of questions like that. One of their stock phrases was that the government credit must be preserved. While they were saying this vehemently, a government issue—the most recent—was oversubscribed nine times. It was pointed out that reductions in government expenses, if not compensated by expansion in other departments, would merely increase unemployment. This made no impression. The mob demanded the general sales tax. It did not stop to consider that this would only reduce the buying power of consumers and increase the existing inequalities in wealth and income.

The sales tax was necessary, it was said, because sufficient revenue could not be raised in other ways. Would not increased income and estate taxes be better? The reply was again in the form of unsupported slogans. There were no rich any longer, so you could not "soak 'em." But if income has disappeared, no tax will yield anything, because all taxes are really taxes on income. Another reply was that the rich would escape by investing in tax-exempt securities. The record shows that they have never escaped much taxation in this way. But if they should do so, what becomes of the argument that there is no market for government bonds? In spite of all these simple exercises in reason, the disposition of progressives in Congress to defeat the sales tax and raise income-tax rates in the higher brackets was continually cited as evidence of congressional contrariness.

The more intelligent leaders of the mob, when forced to consider these matters, fell back upon an answer which indicates how thoroughly mob psychology was ravaging the public. This was not a time for debate, but for action, they replied. Any "economy" and any tax, however bad, were better than none. Action was held to justify itself, no matter what the nature of the action and no matter what its consequences. And why? Because the public had lost confidence. Because it must be reassured that the government could act. In other words, the mob must find an outlet for its unreason; its fear must be satiated, even if by meaningless motion. Balancing the budget had become an emotional symbol with which to quiet the stampede. It was thought a good in itself, entirely apart from its relationship to genuine economic necessities. Some leaders of the mob even went so far as to assert that whether the budget was really balanced or not, the essential thing was to make the public think the budget had been balanced.

It now appears as if the mob would soon gain its satisfaction. Some sort of tax bill and some sort of economy bill will be passed—both of them bad in many details. It will be said that the public and the President have won their great battle with Congress. This particular occasion for fear will be removed. But, if that is the case, it is high time for the leaders of the mob to do a little real thinking. They are themselves largely responsible for the turning of the mob fear to this meaningless issue. They concentrated the terror by predicting catastrophe if the budget were not immediately balanced. But what will the achievement mean, aside from a temporary relief of the popular fever? Will it help to start upward prices, trade and employment? Will it allay the real source of fear? We do not see how.

It is time now to prepare to win a more substantial victory. Now that the budget will be said to be balanced, the public should be told that federal borrowing for needed construction, for utilizing credit resources and putting purchasing power into circulation, is not a disastrous unbalancing of the budget, but a means of starting a process calculated to produce the business activity which in the end will yield the increased revenue to pay back the borrowings. There is no way to get out of depression except for great economic units to spend money. Any concern which can borrow and spend money for lasting equipment and useful purposes is helping the process; it will encourage others to do likewise. A private concern which borrows, not to pay debts or meet current expenses, but to expand its plant, is not thought to have an unbalanced budget. All this applies to government as well—for it is our greatest economic unit. While we are hoping that private business will make use of credit resources for expansion, we ought to tell the government to do so. For that is the one agency which we really can control, without waiting to make drastic changes in our political and social system. Now that we have demonstrated the ability to command it foolishly, we ought to command it to good purpose.

After Dearborn—Melrose Park

IN THE NEW REPUBLIC of January 27, 1932, we quoted from a secret document issued by the Illinois National Guard, for the guidance of its members in case of "domestic disturbances" or "radical disorders." In this illuminating document it is stated that "troops should never be ordered on riot duty without an ample supply of ball ammunition. Blank cartridges should never be fired at a mob. . . . Never fire over the heads of rioters. The

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aim should be low, with full charge ammunition and the battle sight." The Illinois National Guard is not the only organization in that part of the country which adheres to these precious principles. The police of Melrose Park, a village on the outskirts of Chicago, also follow them, as they demonstrated last Friday when they shot down nine men, three of whom may die. In order to understand this affair, it is necessary to know a little of the preliminary history.

Melrose Park lies just west of the prosperous suburb of Chicago called Oak Park. It is dominated by the American Can Company, and is also a center of the bootlegging industry. For some time, hostility has been growing between the local Communists and the police. On May 1, the Communists rented a lot for the purpose of holding a meeting, but when they arrived they found the lot surrounded by police and members of the American Legion who had been sworn in as deputies and were armed with baseball bats. Several of the radicals were arrested, and two of them were badly beaten in the police station, in the presence of several witnesses, including, it is stated, Mr. E. G. Brust, the village president. A third victim, A. Berman, was "taken for a ride" by the police, beaten into unconsciousness and thrown from the car with a fractured skull. These violations of freedom of speech and of assemblage came to the attention of the American Civil Liberties Union, and it sent a Chicago representative, Thomas McKenna, to investigate. The police of Melrose Park, who evidently believe that a practical demonstration is far more educational than any amount of theory, proceeded to show Mr. McKenna how much regard they have for the rights of the individual. They arrested him and beat him up.

The International Labor Defense next proceeded to call a meeting in Melrose Park for the purpose of protesting against these conditions. This meeting was announced for Friday, May 6, in Eureka Hall, but the police refused to permit the hall to be used. The crowd which had gathered was herded along the street by the police and the ubiquitous members of the American Legion. An altercation took place between an ex-service man in the crowd and one of the Legionnaires, in the course of which the latter used his gun as a club. According to numerous eye-witnesses, the gun was discharged accidentally, and the police thereupon began to fire with machine guns.

Accounts of the affray which appeared in that evening's Chicago newspapers quoted the local chief of police as saying that the firing into the crowd was accidental, one of the policemen, carrying a machine gun, having "become confused when the crowd of Communists swept toward him and having opened fire accidentally." In these early stories, it was conceded that the Communists fired no shots.

However, by the time the next morning's newspapers appeared, the authorities apparently alarmed at what they had done, had changed their story. The Communists, it was then stated, were armed with knives and clubs and they attacked the police. An officer carrying a submachine gun was hurled to the ground and fired many shots from that position. But in either case the essential facts remain clear and are not disputed. The police opened fire, as they did in the recent Dearborn massacre, under circumstances in which a civilized community would not have even permitted them to use clubs.

Reckless Railroad Waste

AMID THE tumult and the shouting over the plight of the railroads, a still, small voice from the Interstate Commerce Commission reminds us that regeneration comes from within. In the summer of 1929 the Commission began an inquiry into methods used by the carriers in purchasing equipment, supplies and materials. The investigation has just been concluded, and the results will be placed before the full Commission. The findings indicate that the possibilities of economy through scientific railroad management—a subject which was given classic exposition in 1910 by Mr. Justice Brandeis, then appearing as counsel before the Commission—have by no means been exhausted. The examiners' report reveals, at all events, a stone that has been left unturned.

And the stone, it is important to note, is no mere pebble in size. In 1929, those roads having operating revenues of over a million dollars spent for fuel, materials and supplies $1,329,535,000. This sum represented between 25 and 30 percent of the total operating expenses of the roads. In addition the carriers spend several hundred millions of dollars annually for capital equipment. Here is a rich field for utilizing the most scrupulous methods of efficient purchasing. How have the carriers met the opportunity?

They have met it, on the whole, with singular ineptitude. As buyers they have allotted their purchases in return for, or to attract, freight traffic over their respective lines. By using their purchasing power as an instrument of competition among themselves, they have lost the benefits of competition in price among producers and manufacturers. The latter, in turn, are able to coerce purchases by promises of additional freight over a given line, or by threats of diversion of existing traffic. Whatever may be thought of the soundness of this trading process, dignified by the name of reciprocity, as a competitive weapon, it is decidedly out of place in the railroad industry. From the standpoint of the industry as a whole, which is the chief concern of the public, the practice achieves at most a certain redistribution of traffic; it is as economically productive as the expedient of taking in one another's washing. But the practice is not simply

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fatuous; it is also pernicious. As purchasers of supplies, the carriers pay more than they would otherwise have to, and as solicitors of freight, the smaller roads are put at a disadvantage which is quite unrelated to their capacity for performing efficient service.

Reciprocity in action is revealed on its largest scale in the purchase of coal. Practices vary somewhat, but in general they conform to type. If the carriers request bids for coal, the list of producers invited to participate is framed with an eye to their value as shippers. Information on this point is furnished by the railroad's traffic department, which exerts constant pressure on the purchasing department; there is evidence, in fact, that on at least three prominent roads the purchase of coal is completely removed from the hands of the purchasing department. The bids are not opened publicly, nor is the contract regularly awarded to the lowest bidder. If the lowest bidder is not the most extensive shipper, others may be given an opportunity to revise their bids. Or a price range may be established and a fixed price determined by averaging the bids; this price is enhanced where relatively high bids are received from powerful shippers. Invariably, carriers pay a higher price for coal from mines on their lines than is paid by carriers having no on-line mines. Frequently carriers have declined to take advantage of opportunities to purchase coal at less than the prevailing price; and on occasion they have taken inferior coal at the regular price.

Some carriers have established definite ratios of purchases to freight traffic; for example, the purchase of one car of fuel coal in return for the shipment of six cars of bituminous coal or three of anthracite. Unhappily, the calculation of such credits is fraught with difficulties. A single producer may promise the same shipment to more than one carrier; and credit for a single shipment may be claimed by more than one producer, since in some instances the consignee rather than the shipper designates the routing. Nor have the carriers, on their part, been innocent of exaggerating their purchases. A certain railroad vice-president wrote ruefully to his superior: ". . . it is a jockeying game both ways."

At this point, enters the middleman. He is known variously as a coal broker, jobber or sales agent. He may be a representative of several small operators who have pooled their interests to offer more tempting traffic bait; he may be a producer who finds it more profitable to procure orders for others than to obtain them for himself; he may be a non-producer who controls a large amount of commercial traffic; or he may be a relative, by blood or marriage, of a powerful shipper. But whatever the variations, the broker obtains a commission from the producer with whom the order is placed. During the period under investigation the amount of the commission expected seems to have was made by the carriers to purchase coal from producers at a lower price than through brokers. What did the railroads receive in return? They received double credit for their purchases, in the business of getting traffic: credit with the interests affiliated with the broker, and credits with the purchaser whose coal was bought. If a single order happened to go through the hands of more than one broker, credits and commissions multiplied accordingly.

These practices are not confined to the purchase of coal. In varying degree they prevail with respect to practically all other commodities. While mail-order houses and department stores sell coal to the railroads, others use their strength as shippers in even more devious ways. Perhaps the summit of oblique reciprocity is reached in the successful efforts of certain meat-packers and a radio manufacturer to coerce purchases of coupling equipment, which the operating department of the railroad frequently hesitated to recommend, from companies in which these large shippers were interested.

What is to be done? It is hardly likely that the railroads find the situation an agreeable one, however much they may publicly seek to justify or disavow these practices. Certainly the purchasing department and the smaller roads must find the situation intolerable. But if the iron has grown too hot, responsibility for letting it fall on the toes of the shippers must come from without. It is therefore to be hoped that the Commission will recommend appropriate legislation to Congress. A model is at hand in the Clayton Act, under which competitive bidding and acceptance of the most favorable bid are required where there is identity of interest, as through interlocking directorates, between the carrier and a seller of supplies. However different are the motives which actuate the carriers in the policy of reciprocal buying, the results from the standpoint of the public are similar enough to call for similar treatment. The problem is to make a sane purchasing policy safe for the carriers. There is nothing for it but to convert business sense into a legal duty.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1932, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK CITY. BRUCE BLIVEN, PRESIDENT. DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER.

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Newton D. Baker

The Candide of Candidates

NEWTON D. BAKER is expected by many political experts to be the Democratic candidate for President this year. Smith and Roosevelt, so the argument runs, will kill each other off, and Baker is the logical heir. Under the circumstances, it becomes important to know what manner of man he is, and what sort of President he would make. The best way to find these things out is, of course, to study his record; and of this record by far the most significant part is his service as Secretary of War for Wilson.

Baker began his political career under Tom Johnson in Cleveland. After serving as City Solicitor, he succeeded to the mayoralty, which he held for two terms. Even thus early in his career a question arose about his loyalty to the program of his former leader, and his second election was obtained by a scant margin of some 3,000 votes. On Wilson's election to the presidency, he was offered the Secretaryship of the Interior, but declined. Three years later, however, at Wilson's earnest solicitation, he accepted the post of Secretary of War.

Mr. Baker's appointment to this post was significant in view of his well known opposition to war as a method of settling international differences. Wilson had announced uncompromisingly the policy of the United States as one of neutrality, and the previous Secretary of War, Mr. Garrison, had resigned on the rejection of his program of preparedness which obviously looked to the failure of that policy. Mr. Baker is therefore not to be condemned on the charge, noted in the "Encyclopedia Britannica," and subsequently withdrawn, of "his failure to prepare adequately in the months immediately preceding the American declaration of war." When Wilson suddenly decided to put himself at the head of the preparedness procession, it cannot be alleged that Mr. Baker was more than a step or two behind him.

Mr. Baker's career as Secretary has been made recently the subject of two abounding volumes by Mr. Frederick Palmer.[1] From these we learn of his industry, his patience, his geniality, his genuine kindness, especially to Wilson, his optimism, his determination to see the best in everybody, and to make a war that should be the best of all possible wars. Mr. Palmer gives us a sort of Washington pastoral—Mr. Baker and his attendant shepherds, Baruch, Stettinius, Ryan, Schwab, Starrett and others, trailing their robes and leaning on their crooks, hastening from meeting to meeting and conference to conference at which the sacred buck was solemnly passed. A buoyant atmosphere of good feeling was pervasive, and no one was more cheerful than the Secretary, whose faith in his fellow men of business was idyllic. Mr. Palmer skims tactfully over certain minor but unpleasant aspects of the best of all possible wars—the failure of the billion-dollar air service to deliver a single fighting plane, the monstrous scandals in the purchasing departments, the treatment of the little band of conscientious objectors. His volumes should be checked by references to the report on the air service made at the instance of the Department of Justice by Mr. Charles E. Hughes, to the proceedings of the Sixty-sixth Congress, and to Mr. Norman Thomas's book, "The Conscientious Objector in America."

Mr. Palmer's narrative suggests that one of the specifications laid down by Mr. Baker for the best of all possible wars was his own survival as its director. He realized that in every previous war, except the Mexican, the original Secretary of War had fallen a sacrifice to military or political exigency. He was quite properly determined not to be made the goat of the administration. He resolved to select the best man he could find for chief command in the field and to support him to the limit. This he did in the case of General Pershing. Mr. Palmer gives many instances of Mr. Baker's unfailing acceptance of the demands, however exacting, made by the A.E.F. For example, manufacturers were ready to produce the eight-cylinder Liberty motor in July, 1917, when General Pershing called for a motor of twelve cylinders, which required new machinery for production. Ten months later the experts of the A.E.F. were again calling for the eight. "Between September 4, 1917, and February 9, 1918, the Packard Company, in taking the new motor through its growing pains, made over one thousand changes, and the Ford Company, by March 21, 1918, nearly a thousand." In the autumn of 1918 General Pershing wanted one hundred divisions, or nearly 5,000,000 men, for the campaign of 1919. Even when Foch stated that forty divisions would be enough, Mr. Baker did not flinch. Almost the only case in which he failed to give General Pershing what he wanted was when the latter asked for more power to inflict the death penalty on his men.

In Washington Mr. Baker adopted a similar policy. The Council of National Defense, created in 1916, placed in charge of various departments of production captains of industry without reference to party affiliation, who, like General Pershing, were given a free hand. The results of this policy are to be read in the various reports rendered to the Select Committee on Expenditures in the War

[1] Newton D. Baker, by Frederick Palmer. New York: Dodd,

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Department. For example, Subcommittee No. 2 on camps[2] calls attention to the fact that for construction the cost-plus contract was substituted for the usual lump-sum contract, for which change, in the words of the report, "the Secretary of War must bear responsibility . . . inasmuch as he finally approved it and permitted its continuance. For the direct action causing the adoption and continual use of such departure from established practice, the responsibility falls chiefly on the civilian subcommittees of the Council of National Defense." Mr. Frank A. Scott (whose service as chairman of the General Munitions Board in the early days of the War Mr. Palmer records admiringly, but of whose later testimony he makes no mention) told the Committee that "the Secretary of War was never present when the form of contract was discussed, according to my recollection, at a committee meeting." On this, Subcommittee No. 2 on camps remarks mildly that it "does feel that the question of the form of contract under which over a billion dollars was to be expended by the War Department in construction work was of such paramount importance as to have warranted some closer personal attention than was given by the Secretary." None of the usual forfeiture or other safeguard clauses designed to promote speed, quality and cheapness, was introduced into the contract. It is true, the Secretary of War ordered on June 1, 1917, that "such contracts hereafter entered into be first referred to the Accountancy Committee for suggestions upon the form of the contract, and for the inclusion of such safeguards as can be suggested," but this remained a dead letter.

The Subcommittee took much testimony, some of it quite grotesque, concerning the effect of this contract on contractors and workmen. It estimates that 2,400 carpenters employed should have put in place some 90,000,000 feet of lumber before September 4, on which date the cantonments were only 40-percent complete, with 19,000,000 feet laid, implying a rate of one-fifth of the normal. In view of the personnel of the Emergency Construction Committee, it is difficult to reject the conclusion that it "placed the interests of the United States and the taxpayers secondary and made the interests of their clients, the contractors, past and prospective, primary." The minority report pleads the existence of an emergency, and adds the irrelevant comment: "It was far better to waste lumber and nails in this country than to waste American lives in France."

Another affair in which substantially unlimited power was granted to high-spirited business men was leather. The report of the subcommittee investigating this subject[3] reveals that 41,100,152 pairs of shoes were ordered for the army; 945,000 saddles for 86,418 cavalry horses; 2,850,853 halters and 2,033,204 nose bags, although the total number of horses was only 500,000. The men in charge of these purchases were leather merchants who after the War formed a company which relieved the government of the surplus.

The worst scandal of the War was in the air service.[4] That production of aircraft was attended with extraordinary difficulties must be admitted, yet it would seem that some of the more egregious mistakes might have been avoided. For example, Captain Disque, a retired army officer, then warden of a penitentiary in Michigan, was dispatched to the Northwest to get spruce. Before he finished his career he was a general in command of a division engaged in logging, in which enlisted men were paid civilian wages—from $3.50 to $8 a day—and farmed out to contractors (illegally), although one of these men testified that he did not need the labor and "used it because the government insisted on giving it to me." The staff of this division required 110 touring cars. It spent $47,255 for publicity, on which eighty-one officers and men were engaged, and it published a "History of the Spruce Production Division."

The important facts about the air service were that we spent upwards of $1,000,000,000 and sent not a single fighting machine to the front. The De Haviland 4's which we manufactured in quantity were unsafe, as were the Nieuports which we bought from the French. We lost 236 aviators in battle and 296 by accident. In this connection we get a remarkable picture of Mr. Baker's stoicism. In a hearing before the Senate Committee, the following colloquy took place:

> Senator New: It is a fact that every flyer that we have had before the Committee as a witness . . . testified that the De Haviland 4 machine . . . is highly dangerous and ought not under any circumstances be used. . . . In view of that condition, as it has been expressed and recorded by the men best qualified to pass upon the condition and quality of that machine, I at least think it was a very great error of policy and judgment to have them sent forward before these mistakes were corrected and I wanted to know whether or not you agreed with that view.
>
> Secretary Baker: The Committee, of course, has a great advantage over me in that I have not been permitted to use any of the testimony this Committee has taken so that I do not know anything about this concurrence of opinion to which you refer.
>
> Senator New: I am letting you know what that opinion is.

Later Mr. Baker stated before the House Committee: "Mr. Ryan and I talked over the general question . . . and I approved that we should not suspend making any machines we were making, but we should go on and make it and get ready to make them."[4]

The air service was made the subject of a special investigation under the Department of Justice, directed by Mr. Charles Evans Hughes. In regard to a certain sadly misnamed Colonel Deeds, head

[2] Sixty-sixth Congress, Second Session, Report 816.

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of the Equipment Division, Mr. Hughes reported:

> . . . his former business associates were placed at once through government contracts in a position where they had assurance of very large profits upon a comparatively small investment of their own money, and in addition were able to secure generous salaries which they charged against the government as part of the cost of manufacture. The evidence with respect to Colonel Edward A. Deeds should be presented to the Secretary of War to the end that Colonel Deeds may be tried by courtmartial under Articles 95 and 96 of the Articles of War.

Attorney General Gregory concurred, declaring Deeds guilty of "conduct inexcusable, reprehensible and censurable." The Judge Advocate General's office reported approval of these recommendations. Mr. Baker procured a hearing before the Judge Advocate General, of Colonel Deeds's attorney and two of his business associates, whereupon the charges were dismissed. Of this proceeding the House Committee reported:

> Secretary Baker's activity in protecting Deeds is at once astounding and significant. With a record that affected the lives of men and charges of individual selfishness supported by specific facts, Deeds should have been placed on trial to be convicted if guilty, to be vindicated if innocent.

That Secretary Baker has large human sympathy no one can doubt. In a moving speech before the Democratic Convention of 1924, advocating a plank in the platform in favor of joining the League of Nations, he cried:

> The acceptance of a strange and perverse fate called upon me, who loved the life of the youth, called upon me to come into your houses and ask you to give me your sons that I might send them into deadly places. And I watched them and shivered and shrank with fearful fear.

That he did his best to relieve this fear on many occasions is true. He successfully advised the President to disapprove sentences of death pronounced against American soldiers in France, for sleeping on guard or refusing to obey orders. He took pains to promote the health and happiness of officers and soldiers by sports, games, luxuries like cigarettes and chewing gum, the elevating influences of education, music, religion, the society of refined women, the ministrations of the Y.M.C.A., and prophylactic treatment of venereal diseases. In these respects Mr. Baker is entitled to credit for the best of all possible wars.

Mr. Baker had a keen understanding of the conscientious objectors who refused military service on social or religious grounds. This comprehension, however, did not lead him to interfere effectively to prevent their savage treatment, even though it was in direct contravention of his orders. When five officers at Camp Funston were recommended for summary dismissal for such behavior by an inspartment, the Secretary granted honorable discharge to two, and in the case of three in the regular army he apparently let the matter drop. Undoubtedly he felt that they, like himself, were placed in a difficult position by the obstinacy of objectors who arose like a molehill to obstruct the smooth progress of the military machine which must roll on to victory. After the Armistice, however, no such reason existed for the continued punishment of recalcitrants, and no purpose could be served by their imprisonment. One hesitates to accuse Secretary Baker of vindictiveness, and yet objectors continued to be tried for disobedience and sentenced to death, although the sentences were commuted to imprisonment for twenty, twenty-five or thirty years. Some of the worst cases of ill treatment date from 1919 and 1920. Only in November, 1920, were the last twenty-one released without official explanation.

If with the passing of years and a pardonable war weariness Secretary Baker may have felt a lessening of cordiality toward the conscientious objectors who had defied him, the same explanation will not hold in the case of soldiers who after the Armistice were arrested in Paris by American military authorities, robbed of whatever they had, including service medals, and sent into confinement at the camp presided over by an officer known as "Hard-boiled" Smith. That these men were deliberately entangled in the regulations regarding passports and visas, and that they were subjected to inhuman treatment leading even to death, by what Shaw calls a "trade union of officers," was made known by affidavits submitted to the managing editor of The New York Globe in the winter of 1919. The editor, realizing that such facts would cause increased anxiety to parents awaiting impatiently the demobilization of their sons, took the documents personally to Mr. Baker, and offered to withold them from publication if specific pledges were given that the outrages should cease. This assurance the Secretary refused to give. Once more he declined to interfere with the responsibilities of the high command in the field. The affidavits were published and under pressure of public opinion "Hard-boiled" Smith was courtmartialed; and it is believed by his victims that after a short imprisonment he was spirited away to Mexico to avoid the scandal of their vengeance.

Vacillation and delay, which characterized Mr. Baker's course with regard to the conscientious objectors, marked his attitude toward Russia. It was the unhappy fortune of a Secretary who did not believe in war as an instrument of policy in disputes between nations, to be obliged to initiate two campaigns of his own, without specific authority from Congress. On the day after he assumed office occurred Villa's raid on Columbus, Texas, to which the reply was General Pershing's invasion of Mexico. In 1918 the ambiguous complexion of

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Palmer is authority for the statement that Secretary Baker was opposed to the attack on Russia. Wilson decided in favor of armed intervention, both in Siberia and on the Murmansk coast. It soon became apparent that these expeditions had nothing to do with winning the War, and were being directed by the Allies to political purposes with which the United States had no concern and which were contrary to the object of allowing every people to choose its own way of life and happiness, for which we had engaged to fight. Yet not until April, 1920, and under the stress of public opinion, were our troops at length withdrawn from Siberia. Granted that Mr. Baker was not responsible for the original intervention in Russia, it seems impossible to acquit him of inertia in allowing it to drift into the stage of malevolent futility.

Since the War Mr. Baker has been active as a corporation lawyer. No one will blame him for seeking to recoup his private fortunes. It was, however, a malign fate which brought him into conflict with the precise policies which, as a lieutenant of Tom Johnson, he had defended in the public interest. A notable case was the Union Station at Cleveland. Johnson's plan for a series of imposing public buildings on the lake front had included the station, but the Van Sweringen brothers, backed by the New York Central, sought to change the location to the Public Square in the heart of the city, to which entrance could be achieved only by a long viaduct and tunnel. The site had the advantage of affording accommodation for the numerous suburban lines which served outlying districts in whose development the Van Sweringens were interested, and of furnishing air rights for an office building which they projected. Mr. Baker conducted the long proceedings in which the opposition of the Interstate Commerce Commission was finally worn down and the Van Sweringens were successful.

As President of the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Baker put his name to a declaration in favor of the open shop. This led to an interesting correspondence with Mr. Samuel Gompers in 1922, in which the issue was sharply drawn. Mr. Gompers said: "American labor wants . . . a development of the social order in which unrestrained exploitation of the workers by great financial powers and great combinations of employers will be impossible." Mr. Baker's easy optimism appears in the statement: "To me, the public right is dominant and paramount, and every just right of both labor and capital will flow automatically when the public interest is served." It would seem that Mr. Baker might have learned in his war experience something of the working of the profit motive. At least the condition of the steel workers and coal miners revealed in the then recent strikes might have taught him of what little account public interest is in a world of industry directed by private capital, how little strength labor without solidarity has in collective bargaining to obtain conditions tolerable by human life. In short, Mr. Baker, always an opportunist, has found opportunity beckoning him always more emphatically toward reaction. His candidacy for the presidency is predicated on the support of the financial interests whose obedient servant he was during the War, and which must now be placated lest worse befall us.

It is as a possible President of the United States that Mr. Baker claims attention today. No one will doubt that his recent public utterances are directed to exhibiting his availability. His plea for the entrance of the United States into the League of Nations, so eloquently voiced in 1924, he has withdrawn—until public opinion demands such action. His proposal for a national referendum on a substitute for the Eighteenth Amendment, "to ascertain popular sentiment in the country," is his plank on prohibition. He has retracted his early views on municipal ownership, and on municipal government; he has come out against the City Manager plan because the people do not want it. No one doubts Mr. Baker's entire willingness to go along with public opinion in war and peace. He seems blind to the fact that public opinion in a democracy does not function without leadership, and leadership means something more than adroitness and evasion. And administration means something more than the genial laissez-faire of taking everyone at his own valuation, letting him do what he likes, and calling the result automatic. In his testimony before the War Policies Commission last spring Mr. Baker said that the essence of war was improvisation. He has given an illustration of his theory, and now that we are paying for it we would perhaps rather do without the war, even the best of all possible wars. But peace, at least, demands more than improvisation; it demands persistent, concentrated, consistent planning such as Tom Johnson gave to Cleveland and such as Mr. Baker has never given to anything. It would be a misfortune if he and the republic should ever again be brought into vital relations. His past record and his present attitude alike spell disaster to both.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

The Ugly People

The newt has come up out of the water
For love, leaving the little pool dragonless;
The toad has waked hungry and hunts the lawn
At a toad's speed with a leopard's eagerness;

The turtles stretch out and turn
Their long necks in the first cold sun;
The nerves of the water-snake tremble and smart
Driving him upward out of his old skin;

Through the wood, through the sleeping grass,
Through the water, through the sluggish reeds,
The ugly people go, observing spring,
Intent as birds and quiet as seeds.

MARIE DE L. WELCH.

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Education—For What?

I: *The Ten Fallacies of the Educators*

LIKE ALL simple and unsophisticated peoples, we Americans have a sublime faith in education. Faced with any difficult problem of life we set our minds at rest sooner or later by the appeal to the school. We are convinced that education is the one unfailing remedy for every ill to which man is subject, whether it be vice, crime, war, poverty, riches, injustice, racketeering, political corruption, race hatred, class conflict or just plain original sin. We even speak glibly and often about the general reconstruction of society through the school. We cling to this faith in spite of the fact that the very period in which our troubles have multiplied so rapidly has witnessed an unprecedented expansion of organized education. This would seem to suggest that our schools, instead of directing the course of change, are themselves driven by the very forces that are transforming the rest of the social order.

Any individual or group that would aspire to lead society must be ready to pay the costs of leadership: to accept responsibility, to suffer calumny, to surrender security, to risk both reputation and fortune. If this price, or some important part of it, is not being paid, then the chances are that the claim to leadership is fraudulent. Society is never redeemed without effort, struggle and sacrifice. Authentic leaders are never found breathing that rarefied atmosphere lying above the dust and smoke of battle. With regard to the past, we always recognize the truth of this principle, but when we think of our own times we profess the belief that the ancient roles have been reversed and that now prophets of a new age receive their rewards among the living.

That the existing school is leading the way to a better social order is a thesis which few informed persons would care to defend. Except as it is forced to fight for its own life during times of depression, its course is too serene and untroubled. Only in the rarest of instances does it wage war on behalf of principle or ideal. Almost everywhere it is in the grip of conservative forces and is serving the cause of perpetuating ideas and institutions suited to an age that is gone. But there is one movement above the educational horizon which would seem to show promise of genuine and creative leadership. I refer to the progressive-education movement. Surely in this union of two of the great faiths of the American people, the faith in progress and the faith in education, we have reason to hope for light and guidance. Here is a movement which would seem to be completely devoted to the promotion of social welfare through education.

Even a casual examination of the program and philosophy of the progressive schools, however, raises many doubts in the mind. To be sure, these schools have a number of large achievements to their credit. They have focused attention squarely upon the child; they have recognized the fundamental importance of the interest of the learner; they have defended the thesis that activity lies at the root of all true education; they have conceived learning in terms of life situations and growth of character; they have championed the rights of the child as a free personality. Most of this is excellent, but in my judgment it is not enough. It constitutes too narrow a conception of the meaning of education; it brings into the picture but half of the landscape.

If an educational movement, or any other movement, calls itself progressive, it must have orientation; it must possess direction. The word itself implies moving forward, and moving forward can have little meaning in the absence of clearly defined purposes. We cannot, like Stephen Leacock's horseman, dash off in all directions at once. Nor should we, like our presidential candidates, evade every disturbing issue and be all things to all men. Also we must beware lest we become so devoted to motion that we neglect the question of direction and be entirely satisfied with movement in circles.

The weakness of progressive education thus lies in the fact that it has elaborated no theory of social welfare, unless it be that of anarchy or extreme individualism. In this, of course, it is but reflecting the point of view of the members of the liberal-minded upper middle class who send their children to the progressive schools—persons who are fairly well off, who have abandoned the faiths of their fathers, who assume an agnostic attitude toward all important questions, who pride themselves on their open-mindedness and tolerance, who favor in a mild sort of way fairly liberal programs of social reconstruction, who are full of good will and humane sentiment, who have vague aspirations for world peace and human brotherhood, who can be counted upon to respond moderately to any appeal made in the name of charity, who are genuinely distressed at the sight of *unwonted* forms of cruelty, misery and suffering, and who, perhaps, serve to soften somewhat the bitter clashes of those real forces that govern the world; but who, in spite of all their good qualities, have no deep and abiding loyalties, possess no convictions for which they would sacrifice overmuch, would find it hard to live without their customary material comforts, are rather insensitive to the accepted forms of social

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injustice, are content to play the role of interested spectators in the drama of human history, refuse to see reality in its harsher and more disagreeable forms, rarely move outside the pleasant circles of the class to which they belong, and in the day of severe trial will follow the lead of the most powerful and respectable forces in society and at the same time find good reasons for so doing. These people have shown themselves entirely incapable of dealing with any of the great crises of our times—war, prosperity or depression. At bottom they are romantic sentimentalists, but with a sharp eye to the main chance. That they can be trusted to write our educational theories and shape our educational programs is highly improbable.

If progressive education is to be genuinely progressive, it must emancipate itself from the influence of this class, face squarely and courageously every social issue, come to grips with life in all of its stark reality, establish an organic relation with the community, develop a realistic and comprehensive theory of welfare, fashion a compelling and challenging vision of human destiny, and become less frightened than it is today at the bogies of *imposition* and *indoctrination*. In a word, progressive education cannot place its trust in a child-centered school.

This brings us to the most crucial issue in education—the question of the nature and extent of the influence which the school should exercise over the development of the child. The advocates of extreme freedom have been so successful in championing what they call the rights of the child that even the most skillful practitioners of the art of converting others to their opinions disclaim all intention of molding the learner. And when the word indoctrination is coupled with education, there is scarcely one among us possessing the hardihood to refuse to be horrified.

I believe firmly that a critical factor must play an important role in any adequate educational program, at least in any such program fashioned for the modern world. An education that does not strive to promote the fullest and most thorough understanding of the world is not worthy of the name. Also there must be no deliberate distortion or suppression of facts to support any theory or point of view. On the other hand, I am prepared to defend the thesis that all education contains a large element of imposition, that in the very nature of the case this is inevitable, that the existence and evolution of society depend upon it, that it is consequently[1] eminently desirable, and that the frank acceptance of this fact by the educator is a major professional obligation. I even contend that failure to do this involves the clothing of one's own deepest prejudices in the garb of universal truth and the introduction into the theory and practice of education of an element of obscurantism. In the development of this thesis I shall examine a number of widespread fallacies which seem to me to underlie the theoretical opposition to all forms of imposition. Although certain of these fallacies are closely related and to some extent even cover the same territory, their separate treatment will help to illuminate the problem.

[1] Some persons would no doubt regard this as a *non sequitur*, but the great majority of the members of the human race would, I think, accept the argument.

II

1. There is the fallacy that man is born free. As a matter of fact, he is born helpless. He achieves freedom, as a race and as an individual, through the medium of culture. The most crucial of all circumstances conditioning human life is birth into a particular culture. By birth one becomes a Chinese, an Englishman, a Hottentot, a Sioux Indian, a Turk or a 100-percent American. Such a range of possibilities may appear too shocking to contemplate, but it is the price that one must pay in order to be born. Nevertheless, even if a given soul should happen by chance to choose a Hottentot for a mother, it should thank its lucky star that it was born into the Hottentot culture rather than entirely free. By being nurtured on a body of culture, however backward and limited this may be comparatively, the individual is at once imposed upon and liberated. The child is terribly imposed upon by being compelled through the accidents of birth to learn one language rather than another, but without some language man would never become man. Any language, even the most poverty-stricken, is infinitely better than none at all. In the life cycle of the individual many choices must of necessity be made, and the most fundamental and decisive of these choices will always be made by the group. This is so obvious that it should require no elaboration. Yet this very obvious fact, with its implications, is commonly disregarded by those who are fearful of molding the child.

One of the most important elements of any culture is a tradition of achievement along a particular line—a tradition which the group imposes upon the young and through which the powers of the young are focused, disciplined and developed. One people will have a fine hunting tradition, another a maritime tradition, another a musical tradition, another a military tradition, another a scientific tradition, another a baseball tradition, another a business tradition, and another even a tradition of moral and religious prophecy. A particular society of the modern type commonly has a vast number of different traditions all of which may be bound together and integrated more or less by some broad and inclusive tradition. One might argue that the imposing of these traditions upon children involves a severe restriction upon their freedom. My thesis is that such imposition, provided the tradition is vital and suited to the times, releases the energies of the young, sets up standards of excellence and makes possible really great achievement. The individual who fails to come under the influence of

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such a tradition may enjoy a certain kind of freedom, but it is scarcely a kind of freedom that anyone would covet for either himself or his children. It is the freedom of mediocrity, incompetence and aimlessness.

2. There is the fallacy that the child is good by nature. The evidence from anthropology, as well as from common observation, shows that on entering the world the individual is neither good nor bad; he is merely a bundle of potentialities which may be developed in manifold directions. Guidance is, therefore, not to be found in child nature, but rather in the culture of the group and the purposes of living. There can be no good individual apart from some conception of the character of the *good* society; and the good society is not something that is given by nature: it must be fashioned by the hand and brain of man. This process of building a good society is to a very large degree an educational process. The nature of the child must of course be taken into account in the organization of any educational program, but it cannot furnish the materials and the guiding principles of that program. Squirm and wriggle as we may, we must admit that the bringing of materials and guiding principles from the outside involves the molding of the child.

3. There is the fallacy that the child lives in a separate world of his own. The advocates of freedom often speak of the adult as an alien influence in the life of the child. For an adult to intrude himself or his values into the domain of boys and girls is made to take on the appearance of an invasion by a foreign power. Such a dualism is almost wholly artificial. Whatever may be the view of the adult, the child knows but one society; and that is a society including persons of all ages. This does not mean that conflicts of interest may not occur or that on occasion adults may not abuse and exploit children. It does mean that in a proper kind of society the relationship is one of mutual benefit and regard in which the young repay in trust and emulation the protection and guidance provided by their elders. Place the child in a world of his own and you take from him the most powerful incentives to growth and achievement. Perhaps one of the greatest tragedies of contemporary society lies in the fact that the child is becoming increasingly isolated from the serious activities of adults. Until school and society are bound together by common purposes the program of education will lack both meaning and vitality.

4. There is the fallacy that education is some pure and mystical essence that remains unchanged from everlasting to everlasting. According to this view, genuine education must be completely divorced from politics, live apart from the play of social forces and pursue ends peculiar to itself. It thus becomes a method existing independently of the cultural milieu and equally beneficent at all times and in all places. This is a dangerous fallacy and is responsible for many sins committed in different

5. There is the fallacy that the school should be impartial in its emphasis, that no bias should be given instruction. We have already observed how the individual is inevitably molded by the culture into which he is born. In the case of the school a similar process operates and presumably is subject to a degree of conscious direction. My thesis is that complete impartiality is utterly impossible, that the school must shape attitudes, develop tastes and even impose ideas. It is obvious that the whole of creation cannot be brought into the school. This means that some selection must be made of teachers, curricula, architecture, methods of teaching. And in the making of the selection the dice must always be weighted in favor of this or that.

Here is a fundamental truth that cannot be brushed aside as irrelevant or unimportant; it constitutes the very essence of the matter under discussion. Nor can the reality be concealed beneath agreeable phrases. Professor Dewey states in his "Democracy and Education" that the school should provide a *purified* environment for the child. With this view I would certainly agree; probably no person reared in our society would favor the study of pornography in the schools. I am sure, however, that this means stacking the cards in favor of the particular system of values which we may happen to possess. It is one of the truisms of the anthropologist that there are no maxims of purity on which all peoples would agree. Other vigorous opponents of imposition unblushingly advocate the "cultivation of democratic sentiments" in children or the promotion of child growth in the direction of "a better and richer life." The first represents definite acquiescence in imposition; the second, if it does not mean the same thing, means nothing.

I believe firmly that democratic sentiments should be cultivated and that a better and richer life should be the outcome of education, but in neither case would I place responsibility on either God or the order of nature. I would merely contend that as educators we must make many choices involving the development of attitudes in boys and girls and that we should not be afraid to acknowledge the faith that is in us or mayhap the forces that compel us.

6. There is the fallacy that the great object of education is to produce the college professor, that is, the individual who adopts an agnostic attitude toward every important social issue, who can balance the pros against the cons with the skill of a juggler, who sees all sides of every question and never commits himself to any, who delays action until all the facts are in, who knows that all the facts will never come in, who consequently holds his judgment in a state of indefinite suspension, and who before the approach of middle age sees his powers of action atrophy and his social sympathies decay. With Peer Gynt he can exclaim:

My, think of it—wish it done—will it to boot—

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This type of mind also talks about waiting until the solutions of social problems are found, when as a matter of fact there are no solutions in any definite and final sense. For any complex social problem worthy of the name there are probably tens and even scores, if not hundreds, of "solutions," depending upon the premises from which one works. The meeting of a social situation involves the making of decisions and the working out of adjustments. Also it involves the selection and rejection of values. If we wait for a solution to appear like the bursting of the sun through the clouds or the resolving of the elements in an algebraic equation, we shall wait in vain. Although college professors, if not too numerous, perform a valuable social function, society requires great numbers of persons who, while capable of gathering and digesting facts, are at the same time able to think in terms of life, make decisions and act. From such persons will come our real social leaders.

7. There is the closely related fallacy that education is primarily intellectualistic in its processes and goals. Quite as important is that ideal factor in culture which gives meaning, direction and significance to life. I refer to the element of faith or purpose which lifts man out of himself and above the level of his more narrow personal interests. Here, in my judgment, is one of the great lacks in our schools and in our intellectual class today. We are able to contemplate the universe and find that all is vanity. Nothing really stirs us, unless it be that the bath water is cold, the toast burnt or the elevator not running; or that perchance we miss the first section of a revolving door.

Possibly this is the fundamental reason why we are so fearful of molding the child. We are moved by no great faiths; we are touched by no great passions. We can view a world order rushing rapidly toward collapse with no more concern than the outcome of a horse race; we can see injustice, crime and misery in their most terrible forms all about us and, if we are not directly affected, register the emotions of a scientist studying white rats in a laboratory. And in the name of freedom, objectivity and the open mind, we would transmit this general attitude of futility to our children.

In my opinion this is a confession of complete moral and spiritual bankruptcy. We cannot, by talk about the interests of children and the sacredness of personality, evade the responsibility of bringing to the younger generation a vision which will call forth their active loyalties and challenge them to creative and arduous labors. A generation without such a vision is destined, like ours, to a life of absorption in self, inferiority complexes and frustration. The genuinely free man is not the person who spends the day contemplating his own navel, but rather the one who loses himself in a great cause or glorious adventure.

8. There is the fallacy that the school is an all-powerful educational agency. Every professional scheme of things. To this general rule the teachers offer no exception. The leaders of progressive education in particular seem to have an overweening faith in the power of the school. On the one hand, they speak continually about reconstructing society through education; and on the other, they apparently live in a state of perpetual fear lest the school impose some one point of view upon all children and mold them all to a single pattern. A moment's reflection is sufficient to show that life in the modern world is far too complex to permit this; the school is but one formative agency among many, and certainly not the strongest at that. Our major concern consequently should be, not to keep the school from influencing the child in a positive direction, but rather to make certain that every progressive school will use whatever power it may possess in opposing and checking the forces of social conservatism and reaction.

9. There is the fallacy that ignorance rather than knowledge is the way of wisdom. Many who would agree that imposition of some kind is inevitable seem to feel that there is something essentially profane in any effort to understand, plan and control the process. They will admit that the child is molded by his environment, and then presumably contend that in the fashioning of this environment we should close our eyes to the consequences of our acts, or at least should not endeavor to control our acts in the light of definite knowledge of their consequences. To do the latter would involve an effort to influence deliberately the growth of the child in a particular direction—to cause him to form this habit rather than that, to develop one taste rather than another, to be sensitive to a given ideal rather than its rival. But this would be a violation of the "rights of the child," and therefore evil. Apparently his rights can be protected only if our influence upon him is thoroughly concealed under a heavy veil of ignorance. If the school can do no better than this, it has no reason for existence. If it is to be merely an arena for the blind play of psychological forces, it might better close its doors. Here is the doctrine of laissez-faire, driven from the field of social and political theory, seeking refuge in the domain of pedagogy. Progressive education wishes to build a new world but refuses to be held accountable for the kind of world it builds. In my judgment, the school should know what it is doing, in so far as this is humanly possible, and accept full responsibility for its acts.

10. Finally, there is the fallacy that in a dynamic society like ours the major responsibility of education is to prepare the individual to adjust himself to social change. The argument in support of this view is fairly cogent. The world is changing with great rapidity; the rate of change is being accelerated constantly; the future is full of uncertainty. Consequently the individual who is to live and thrive in this world must possess an agile mind, be bound by no deep loyalties, hold all conclusions and

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tice to make even fundamental shifts in outlook and philosophy. Like a lumberjack riding a raft of logs through the rapids, he must be able with lightning speed to jump from one insecure foundation to another, if he is not to be overwhelmed by the onward surge of the cultural stream. In a word, he must be as willing to adopt new ideas and values as to install the most up-to-the-minute labor-saving devices in his dwelling or to introduce the latest inventions into his factory.

Under such a conception of life and society, education can only bow down before the gods of chance and reflect the drift of the social order. This conception is essentially anarchic in character, exalts the irrational above the rational forces of society, makes of security an individual rather than a social goal, drives every one of us into an insane competition with his neighbors, and assumes that man is incapable of controlling in the common interest the creatures of his brain. Here we have imposition with a vengeance, but not the imposition of the teacher or the school. Nor is it an enlightened form of imposition. Rather is it the imposition of the chaos and cruelty and ugliness produced by the brutish struggle for existence and advantage.

GEORGE S. COUNTS.

This is the first of two articles by Dr. Counts. The second will appear next week.—THE EDITORS.

Washington Notes

Chaos and Politics—The Dumb Public—Worse Times Ahead—California Goes Garner—Will Roosevelt Get It?

GLOOM has gripped them again here. They are steeped in it; they reek of it; the atmosphere at both ends of Pennsylvania Avenue is thick with it—and for sound reasons. Why not? The governmental machinery, faced with a crisis in our affairs, functions with amazing feebleness, futility and ineptitude. Mr. Hoover is said to believe that the Democratic party in the House has "stunned the country" by its exhibition of narrow partisanship and incompetency, that at heart the Democratic leaders want neither to balance the budget nor make economies and that the House record lends color to this contention. In February, the administration spokesmen say, with the Reconstruction Finance Board and the other restorative measures, things had begun to move a little and confidence had returned. Then came the sales-tax debacle, followed by the scuttling of the Omnibus Economy bill, the threat of the bonus legislation and the passage of two pension measures outrageous at any time but particularly offensive under existing conditions. No wonder the country was "stunned." Until the tax bill is finally passed and the Congress adjourns there can be no real hope. So runs the administration's argument.

From the Democrats comes a different story. They complain about the refusal of the White House to cooperate except along Hoover lines, they insist that the every effort is being made to put the Democrats on the defensive and make capital of the natural cumbersomeness of the legislative machinery for Mr. Hoover. It is all very childish and disgusting.

All of which means that we are not going to balance the budget even approximately this session and that no earnest economy in governmental expenses will be made. The real job will be pushed ahead until after the presidential election. It will be the next session of Congress, not this, that will have the work to do. Perhaps we can, without mortal injury, wait until then, but the delay will certainly do us no good. At any rate, politics during the next session will be less bitter and less intense than at this. What the condition of the country clearly demands at the moment is a complete abandonment of political considerations and some form of a coalition government that could act in a nonpartisan way.

Under our system there is no legal way to get such a government and, on the threshold of the national conventions, no practical way. It just is not humanly possible unless public sentiment were so aroused and insistent that it could not be ignored. So far as I can see, and so far as the primaries show, the American people, distressed and miserable though a large part of them are, seem still in their normal sluggish and non-understanding state. It is interesting to speculate upon just how bad things have to get before the popular reaction really comes. Evidently conditions are not yet nearly bad enough. With but three more weeks of this Congress before adjournment or recess for the conventions, there has been no evidence of a public really awakened or acutely concerned.

If some of our most serious and best informed financiers and economists are right, it looks as if, when Congress meets next December for the short session, there may be a change. It may easily happen that then there will be a real popular demand for drastic action. It is predicted that next winter the unemployment situation will be far more serious and that the federal relief, denied this year, can no longer be withheld.

I do not want to be unduly pessimistic, but there are men in Washington whose judgment should carry weight who are convinced that 1933 will be very much worse so far as business is concerned than 1932, that we may look back and think of this as a fairly good year, that there will be no pulling out of this depression before 1934 or after. Certainly everyone is feeling the economic pressure a little more now than he has before, and it is conceivable that when these two conventions are held in Chicago next month, we may find a thoroughly alarmed set of delegates and leaders who may be driven into doing some unexpected things. Personally, I manage to bear up more or less cheerfully under these pessimistic predictions and have no belief that the roots of civilization are going to be pulled up and a general reversion to barbarism occur. Nevertheless, if even one-half of the dire things which are being forecast by presumably responsible people have any foundation at all, you wonder why any man should want to be elected President in 1932.

Yet a great many do. Look at this Democratic struggle for the nomination—a struggle, I may say, that is indirectly

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responsible for more than a little of the Democratic stupidity in both House and Senate at this time. There are at least eleven active aspirants for the prize, most of whom are out in the open, but some most discreetly under cover —or think they are. And, of course, since the California primaries, the activity of all the aspirants has greatly increased, because of the certainty now that there will be an open field and a prolonged fight when the convention meets. Beyond question, the California result was a serious blow to Roosevelt's candidacy. The loss of the forty-four votes practically ends the idea that he will have a first-ballot majority and vastly stimulates the movement to ditch him.

It was most curious, the result in California. There was no real sentiment for Garner. No one has any serious idea that Mr. Garner will be nominated. Except among the more scatter-brained, his candidacy was not regarded as anything beyond a mischief-making Hearst undertaking, even in the remote days when the Democratic majority in the House was following him. It was an astonishing victory, and it is difficult at this distance to know which faction should receive the larger share of credit—the McAdoo organization or the Hearst press, which has more power and is more monopolistic on the West Coast than anywhere else.

In any event, the forty-four votes were snatched out of the Roosevelt column, and the anti-Roosevelt people in the East—the Smith-Raskob-Shouse-Hague-Traylor-Swope-Cox combination—have been in a high state of exaltation since. Roosevelt, according to them, is definitely "stopped." The fight to beat him is over. The problem now is whom they can nominate when the inevitable smoke-filled-room stage is reached. Some of them still cling to the idea that Mr. Young can be brought out and put over largely on the argument that more money for the campaign fund can be raised for him than for all the others combined. This, it is held, is the thing that will ultimately swing the hard-boiled, practical fellows who control the delegations. Perhaps they are right, though personally I am skeptical.

Moreover, I think it is a mistake to count too confidently upon defeating Roosevelt. He may not now get his first-ballot majority, but he still will have more votes than all the other aspirants together, and there is one further point that his opponents might do well to consider. In their present calculations they count the Garner vote in Texas and California—a big block of ninety all told—as anti-Roosevelt and pro-Smith-Raskob. My opinion—and I have several arguments to support it—is that if Mr. Garner has anything to say about it, neither Texas nor California will play the Smith game in the convention. Garner is not pro-Smith and he is anti-Raskob. If and when it becomes clear that he is a mere favorite son with no chance for the nomination, the Garner influence is more likely to go in Roosevelt's direction than against him.

This is a little matter the anti-Roosevelt leaders do not seem to realize, but it is none the less so. Were it not for the Garner boom, Texas would now be a Roosevelt state. He is distinctly the second choice there, just as he is in Arkansas. Nor could Mr. Garner be bought with the vice-presidential nomination, for almost any man would prefer to be Speaker of the House than Vice President. The only real lure of the latter position is the chance to succeed to the presidency through death—and that is not better than a one-to-seven chance. Of course, Mr. Garner may not control either the Texas or California delegates once they cease to vote for him, but I think he will have some influence with them, and at any rate their disposition will not be friendly to the Smith group. All you need to convince you of that is to remember that William Gibbs McAdoo will head the California delegation.

So, I think, the fight is still a fight, with Roosevelt diminished in prestige and not so secure as he was, but still far in the lead. The main difficulty about sidetracking him in the convention will be in centering upon another man. Clearly, if Smith can veto Roosevelt's nomination, Roosevelt forces will be strong enough to veto the nomination of Smith. A compromise seems the inevitable outcome—and that means any one of seven or eight. The one certain thing, I think, about the situation is that Roosevelt's defeat will mean a conservative candidate. The Eastern group will be strong enough to ensure that, even if they fall down in the great Young plan. And then the American people will have a grand choice, will they not?

Washington. T. R. B.

Jones in Radio City

I HAVE heard with surprise a recent criticism of Mr. Robert Edmond Jones. He has been offered the artistic directorship of Radio City and has accepted, which in the minds of some appears to be a comedown or concession, or in a sense the surrender of a fine artist to a merely popular and commercial venture. Nobody can yet say that Radio City under the direction of Mr. Rothafel is merely popular and commercial; and even if it were nearly so, that fact cannot affect Mr. Jones' decision to undertake the post. What else is art for? It exists by some entrance into a living stream; it must find itself at last in the straightest connection available with the life around. An artist may fear his own gifts, his range, his fertility; but he need not fear the large and popular contact and pressure. I have not for a long time written a theatre article with such pleasure and feeling of a live issue as I do this; what else is criticism for? The most encouraging artistic event in the American theatre for years is this appointment of a fine artist to such a position.

I am not in the management's confidence as to the plans of Radio City as a center of artistic production, but words go round and everybody has heard something of the matter. The term *radio* carries the implication of a public widely spread out, an immense broadcasting, and doubtless the idea of television looms ahead—the thought of this International Music Hall, as it is to be called, being carried here and there over the wide world. It promises to be a kind of super-vaudeville, not unlike, perhaps, the entertainments once current in Berlin, where no sort of talent or level of performance is necessarily excluded, and where the search is for shining or lively stuff that is not in its own kind foolish or a waste of time. What happens remains to be seen; the discussion here is Mr. Robert Edmond Jones and the fact that he has been given at this start of the Radio City project entire charge of the décor, the visual side, the designing in general, of what will go on when the great stage takes on its theatre life.

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We shall first see what Mr. Jones is leaving when he undertakes this new field and deserts another. What is it that he leaves? A few plays now and again, always a gamble at best, that allow some possibility of excitement or design on his part. There may be some flare of spirit in the play, some turn in the dramatist's psychological state, that will bring into action this designer's special quality or his power of entrance into the very mood of the play, a gift which at best he has above all designers that our theatre has seen. Even then, granting this play, this mood, this quality that has, fortunately for him, appeared and awaits its due investiture in light, setting and costume, the chance may easily be that the stage for him is small; the chance is fair that the leading actor or the dramatist has a notion as to how its décor more or less has got to be, or the producer has a soul or a turn of his own that must be heeded or a budget that lops off half the scheme of the design. This is the theatre at its best. Otherwise we have idle plays, with kitchens, drawing-rooms or beds and baths, which must now and again be undertaken, since the theatre designer like the rest of us must eat. Suppose it turns out to be a superb dramatic idea, as in the drawing-room in "The House of Women." Well, even that has its limits. And though we have no other theatre artist who could have created what was in that room with regard to the play it served and surpassed, what of it eventually—what if now it is Rome indeed and room enough? As for the every-day places where the prose little plays come off, we may say, of course, that theoretically a great artist can create greatly anywhere with any subject. For that matter the kingdom of heaven is in a mustard seed. But men have generally agreed to find heaven more radiantly and more accessibly embodied elsewhere; and Mr. Robert Edmond Jones must have sickened many a time at the thought of another such job to be done. Some of these settings he has done drily and without even the aplomb that a department store would gladly have supplied. Some of them he has forced toward his own desire, coming off but incompletely, better than some designers but not better than himself. I have seen these settings sometimes with a smile to think how they reminded me of Dante's Purgatory, a world where there were only images of reality, a reflection of the stage Hell and a dummy model of Paradise.

Of Mr. Jones' past experience in the theatre it is worth while listing the stages of it. He has had, I think, a kind of cycle of opportunity. There was first the period, tinged strongly with European influences, when he did the design for Diaghilev's "Till Eulenspiegel," and for the French play of the man who married a dumb wife. From these he moved on toward his work in association with Mr. Arthur Hopkins, the "Richard III," Sem Benelli's "La Cena delle Beffe," Tolstoy's "Redemption," and on at length into the brilliant and penetrating abstractions of "Macbeth," too stiff a design for the public and, since a whole method of acting cannot be evolved overnight, unsupported by the right acting. The failure of the "Macbeth" brought matters back again toward prose necessities, even in its extremity to a room in a mountain cabin that was desperately sought by the artist but not so happy as any old stock set might have been. "Fashion" at the Provincetown, when that venture began its two years' career, provided the first full showing of a delicious wit and pure theatre delight; the facility and taste ran high in the Congreve décor, the penetration and poetry in the portico scene for "The Saint" and the grand style here and there in "The Fountain." Since that time, on Broadway again, there have been the lists of plays to be designed for, with an outcome most irregular, sometimes a mere waste or perfunctory job, sometimes the magnificence of the death of Moses scene in "The Green Pastures," a scene that under this artist's hands demonstrated marvelously, with its light, texture and tone, the understatement of life that words constantly exhibit.

There is not time to stay on Mr. Jones' wide-scale values in the past, for we must come into his present chance. He ought to find in the varied enterprise of such productions as are likely to this International Music Hall the benefit and advantages of abundant materials, stage space, every modern resource of lighting and stage contrivance, and a big audience with the rapport and swell that may be drawn from it. It will be an audience made up of many kinds of people, many classes; a great section of this audience will be wholly popular in nature; and this, I believe, is an excellent thing: a significant and fecund theatre artist will not lose by this contact with the people; he will not lose by, in the phrase of Francesco de Sanctis, the sudden, coarse and natural impulses of the popular audience, or the people's credulity and power of amazement.

What with the breadth of range already within his experience, Mr. Jones need have less and less fear of any kind of theatre matter. Acts from operas or from skating experts, pony ballets, tableaux, short plays, dances, choruses, girls, films, soloists and every mood of entertainment will not necessarily have any inherent fears for him. He can, in Molière's phrase, take his own where he finds it. Fooling around, ministering to partial wants of this theatre element and that, he might use a very small part of his creative faculty; the brain grows lazy rocking itself in broad and general forms instead of fitting, quick thoughts. On the fullest plane the artist of theatrical décor shares the title that Pythagoras gave to the one intellect or order in the world: the giver of forms. If the number to be given a décor is rich and full, Mr. Jones can work in that fullness and richness, conscious within himself of that raining down of images from high fantasy which he evinced in, for example, "The Birthday of the Infanta" or "The Ancient Mariner." Instead of the dwindled prose of most plays, he ought to find in at least some of these spectacles and acts some sort of parallel to what he might have found in opera, if the Metropolitan Opera House had been under capable enough management to employ his services and thereby avoid the almost continuous futility and bad taste that we have seen there these many years. Even the old Wagnerian settings are less offensive than the trash that many of the newer operas have inhabited; the older settings were at least ripe, Rhineland silliness, straight paint and candy.

The touch that Mr. Jones gave to "Fashion"—somewhat heavily imitated since in town, but never at all witty in the same sense—he ought to have use for now in such programs. It is a quality that has not often shone in his work of late, partly because, I am sure, from those behind the events there was no wish for it, no spirit of it on which he could feed or live. By this wit I mean something more delicious

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than gayety, something in solution, not a mere matter of punch.

For another thing, this elastic plenty and vitality possible to the adventure in Radio City is more in line with the American theatre on its lively and more credible side, as contrasted for instance with "Mourning Becomes Electra," which in relation to our American trend is in the nature of a *tour de force*. The full use of such a gift as Mr. Jones' would have involved prose drama, comedy, opera, ballet and revues.

It will be clear, then, that Mr. Jones has within him the capacities for both poetry and romp; and these, it must not be forgotten, are the two main things of the theatre. These prose studies, problems, causes, and diverse epochs of serious matters of divers sorts, may certainly make up the little stanzas of the theatre song, but poetry and romp are its refrain forever. To an artist, stung by the great hunger for images, the steady, regular stage sometimes offers bread, sometimes only sickness. The prancing, flying, full scope of such a chance as this that Mr. Jones now has is the kind of thing for the play of his glamor, his insistent movement upward and his knowledge of the deep power of joy. It is precisely what in a man's art may, to employ a thought of Machiavelli's, bring back health to the inner stream of character.

As for Mr. Rothafel, he has done a distinguished thing in this appointment. It is an act, in a discouraged theatre, of shrewd imagination and belief. A sheer viscera of preaching, perhaps, makes me want to remark upon a fact all too common in our American record, however, and to add a prayer to the muses of Parnassus and democracy and to Mr. Rothafel that in this case we shall avoid it. We have been very fond of the prestige without the price; we engage a salable artist because he is not like everybody else and then want him to be safe and commonplace; we want the lion without the bite; Caruso on the bill but singing "Mammy" and "Ole Man River." Few people have the power in themselves to leave another free; to give freedom to such an artist as Mr. Robert Edmond Jones is not merely a matter of willingness and intention, it is itself a form of genius.

As it stands at present, I think it could be said that, Reinhardt excepted, Mr. Rothafel has done more for popular entertainment than anybody else in the theatre.

STARK YOUNG.

The Poet-Logician

IF THE Lewis Carroll centenary has produced anything of special interest, I have failed to see it. Dodgson was a most interesting man and deserves better of his admirers, who revel rather sickeningly in his delightfulness and cuteness and give him no real serious attention.

"Frankly this is to be the book of Lewis Carroll," wrote John Francis McDermott in his introduction to Dodgson's collected verse, published three years ago, "and I have no intention here of allowing Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, a dull and uninteresting person, to intrude in it any more than is absolutely necessary." Richard Herrick, the editor of the present volume,[1] is so determined that we shall see in Dodgson nothing but an exponent of pure nonsense that he does not hesitate to mutilate his work. He prints out of "Rhyme? and Reason?" only the poems which happen to please him. He suppresses, with the exception of a few stanzas, the whole of the amusing "Phantasmagoria," for the extraordinary reason that he believes it to have been spoiled by "Carroll's serious interest in psychic matters." And he lops off the charming and significant epilogue to "Through the Looking Glass" without which the book is incomplete:

> Still she haunts me, phantomwise,
> Alice moving under skies
> Never seen by waking eyes.

On the other hand, he includes some very amusing letters and a marvelous mathematical fantasia called "A Tangled Tale." The whole book seems hastily thrown together as a publisher's venture—as Mencken would say, there is no table of contents—and is typical of the careless handling which Lewis Carroll usually gets.

For if Dodgson and his work were shown as an organic whole, his "nonsense" would no longer seem the anomaly which it is usually represented as being. It is true that on one of his sides he was a pompous and priggish don. He used to write letters to friends the next morning after he had been having dinner with them and beg them never again to speak as irreverently of Our Lord as they had the night before, because it gave him infinite pain; and he wrote to the papers in a tone of indignation worthy of Mr. Podsnap protesting against the impiety of W. S. Gilbert in being whimsical about curates on the stage—an action peculiarly unbecoming in view of the fact that Dodgson and Gilbert were notoriously both in the same line.

But this side of Dodgson should not be kept out of the picture: the "Alice in Wonderland" side could have existed only in relation to it. Under the crust of the pious don was a mind both skeptical and rebellious. The mathematician who invented Alice was one of those semi-monastic types—like Pater and A. E. Housman—that the English universities breed: vowed to an academic discipline but cherishing an intense originality, painfully repressed and incomplete but in the narrow field of their art somehow both sound and bold.

A good deal of the piquancy of the Alice books is due to their merciless irreverence: in Alice's dreaming mind, the bottoms dismayingly drop out of the instructive little poems by Dr. Watts and Jane Taylor which Victorian children were brought up on and their simple and trite little images are replaced by grotesque and silly ones, which have rushed in like goblins and taken possession. And in the White Knight's song about the aged man a-sitting on a gate, a parody of Wordsworth's "Leech-Gatherer," Dodgson in his subterranean fashion ridiculed the stuffed-shirt side of Wordsworth as savagely as Byron had ever done. Wordsworth was a great admiration of Dodgson's—they knew each other, I think—and he was one of the principal pillars of that nineteenth-century Oxford culture of which Dodgson was one of the official representatives. Yet Dodgson, as soon as he gets into his dream-world, is moved by a savage impulse to pull that pillar down. In its original

[1] The Lewis Carroll Book, edited by Richard Herrick. New

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for Alice's dream, its satire was even more subversive of Victorian conventions:

I met an aged, aged man
  Upon the lonely moor:
I knew I was a gentleman,
  And he was but a boor.
So I stopped and roughly questioned him,
  "Come, tell me how you live!"
But his word impressed my ear no more
  Than if it were a sieve.

It is curious what being ordained in the Church of England can do to an original mind. The case of Dodgson is similar to those of Swift and Donne—though Dodgson was shy and stammered and never took priest's orders.

And Lewis Carroll was closer to the class of Swift and Donne than to that of Max Beerbohm and Barrie. He was not a mere dealer in sentimental whimsy or undergraduate drollery, but something unique in literature: a poet-logician.

That Dodgson's poetry and his logic were closely bound up together has often been been pointed out. Only a mind primarily logical, as has been said, could have invented the jokes of the Alice books: they could be used in college courses for illustrations of fallacious syllogisms. But there is more to it than that. Dodgson's logical and mathematical interests were not any more conventional than his literary creations. In "Euclid and His Modern Rivals," he was occupied with that revolutionary geometry which assumes that two parallel lines may meet and which has since achieved such celebrity as the basis of relativist theory; and in his "Symbolic Logic," he was one of the pioneers in England of that adventurous line of inquiry which Whitehead and Russell have since made famous and which aims, by inventing a new language neither literary nor mathematical, to arrive at the fundamental relations which underlie the conventional logics of the special languages of human thought.

In other words, to explore the human mind, to get beneath its ordinary assumptions. Dodgson in this respect was of our time and not of his own. And in his literary works he was engaged in the same pursuit. As studies in dream psychology, the Alice books are most remarkable: they do not suffer by comparison with the best serious performances in this field—with Strindberg or Joyce or Flaubert's "Tentation de Saint-Antoine." One of Alice's recent editors says that Alice's personality is kept simple in order to show off the creatures which she meets. But the creatures which she meets, the whole dream, *are* Alice's personality and her waking life. They are the world of teachers, family and pets as it looks to a little girl and the little girl who is looking at the world. The creatures are always snapping at her and chiding her, saying brusque and rude and blighting things (like their creator himself snapping back at the authorities and pieties he served); and she in turn has a child's primitive cruelty: she can't help talking about cats when she is swimming around with the mouse and later on, with the birds all around her, she comes out, as if naïvely, with, "Dinah's our cat. And she's such a capital one for catching mice, you can't think! And grown-ups. Yet "Sylvie and Bruno," which is never re-

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printed, must be interesting in spite of its faults; and the

is sometimes brutal, she is always well bred; and though wandering a mysterious world, she is always a sensible and self-possessed little upper-class English girl who never fails in the last resort to face down the outlandish creatures that plague her: she can always bring the dream to an end by telling the King and Queen and the Court that they're nothing but a pack of cards or by picking the Red Queen up and shaking her. And she can be also sympathetic and maternal—with the White Knight, for example—when that instinct is evoked, but always in a sensible and practical way. Dodgson is never sentimental about Alice, as Barrie would be.

I cannot agree either to Mr. Herrick's statement that the book which grown-ups read is really a different book from the Alice that is read by children. The grown-ups understand it better, but the prime source of the interest is the same. Why do very young children listen so attentively to Alice, remember it so well and ask to hear it again, when other books seem to leave no impression? Surely because of its psychological truth which enables it to hold us all. Dodgson has grasped the real mind of childhood and hence the most primitive part of the mind of maturity, too—unlike those writers who merely exploit for grown-ups an artificial child-mind which is really neither childlike nor mature. The shiftings and transformations and accidents and triumphs of Alice's dream, the mysteries and riddles, the gibberish which manages to convey strange but unmistakable things, are all based upon relations contradicting those of our conscious talk and thought, but lying not far behind them.

The author of the Alice books and the author of the "Symbolic Logic" and "Euclid and His Modern Rivals" had even more in common than is usually recognized. Symbolic logic, like Jabberwocky, experiments with a new language; and in his non-Euclidean geometry he is speculating as to what would happen if our fundamental assumptions about the universe did not hold good—as they do not in the world of dreams, where the White Queen can feel the pain before she has pricked her finger and where she has to keep running in order to stay in the same place.

There are thus in Dodgson's best work not merely wit and grace, a personal accent in prose and verse, but an intellectual structure and a psychological imagination which give it dignity and depth. And the whole thing stands, furthermore, quite outside the heavy upholstery and the gloomy institutions of the nineteenth-century world. I believe that it is likely to survive when the creators of much of the monumental work of that world—the Ruskins, the Spencers, the George Eliots, the Thackerays and the Carlyles—have sunk with the middle-class ideals for which they were the spokesmen. Dodgson had the advantage over all of them that he was able to work in the fields of mathematics and dreams.

And I propose to the Nonesuch Press that it would do well to get out a definitive and comprehensive one-volume edition of Dodgson like their admirable editions of Blake and Donne. The trouble about such collections as that which Mr. Herrick has edited is that they are intended primarily for children. There is no Lewis Carroll for

the bare and conventional textbooks which they are sometimes assumed to be. On the contrary, according to Mr. Herrick, they are more or less in the vein of Dodgson's other work—full of humor and unexpected ideas. The preface to "The Dynamics of a Particle" contains, he says, a description in the manner of a Victorian novel of the thrilling realization on the part of two parallel lines that they are finally destined to meet; and the book on "Symbolic Logic" is embellished with such syllogisms as the following:

A prudent man shuns hyenas;
No banker is imprudent.
No banker fails to shun hyenas.

No doubt one could do without such writings as the "Formulae of Plane Trigonometry"; but the "Curiosa Mathematica," for example, would probably find as many readers as Blake's prophetic books and Donne's sermons. Dodgson's letters ought to be included, his articles on public affairs and his journal of his trip to Russia; and there ought to be a good memoir. The only biography of Dodgson is a conventional life by a relative published in 1899. No writer, so far as I know, has ever done a real portrait of him or a real study of his work.

EDMUND WILSON.

CORRESPONDENCE

A Scottsboro Benefit

SIR: Readers of The New Republic will remember that Walter Pollak has been retained by the International Labor Defense to carry the case of the Scottsboro Negro boys, sentenced to death, to the Supreme Court of the United States. This appeal to the highest court will, of course, cost money. To help meet this cost, a group of leading artists and musicians, most of them Negroes, will perform at a "Scottsboro Benefit Night" on May 15, 8:30 P.M., at the Rockland Palace, 280 West One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street, New York City.

Performers include Rose McClendon, and Frank Wilson of "Porgy" and "Never No More"; Taylor Gordon, leading Negro baritone; Georgette Harvey, star of "Blackberries"; Juano Hernandez in native African dances from "Savage Rhythm"; Martha Graham in dances; Isabelle Washington, star from "Singing the Blues"; Cab Calloway and his orchestra; Margaret Larkin in songs from her "Singing Cowboy"; Alberta Hunter, popular radio artist; and others. Waldo Frank, novelist and critic; Louise Thompson, of the Congregational Education Committee; and Eugene Gordon, Negro writer of Boston, will speak. Tickets cost twenty-five, fifty and seventy-five cents.

MELVIN P. LEVY, Secretary,
National Committee for the Defense
New York City. of Political Prisoners.

Alfred Stieglitz and his American Place

SIR: Besides being a great artist, Alfred Stieglitz is also a spiritual leader, a cultural pioneer and a teacher and prophet unique in our time. Whether as photographer; as the guiding force in the laboratory-galleries 291 Fifth Avenue (1905-1917), The Intimate Gallery (1925-1929), and An American Place (1929 to the present); as editor, particularly of Camera Work; or in his direct contact with people, he has worked scientifically, fearlessly and selflessly, for the integrity, for the truth and for the creative in man.

Creative workers, students and all who have directly or indirectly derived clarity and direction from the work of Alfred Stieglitz stand in his debt. He will soon be seventy. The three-year guarantee for the lease of An American Place will be up in the fall. Unless the public which has gained spiritual enrichment from it will support An American Place it will be forced to go out of existence. The absolute necessity for such a center in chaotic times such as these need scarcely be stressed.

All communications should be addressed to Mrs. Edward A. Norman, 1075 Park Avenue, New York City.

New York City. DOROTHY S. NORMAN.

The Utility Conference

SIR: Your editorial in the issue of April 27 dealing with the recent Round Table Conference on Public Utility Regulation, seems to me so unfortunate in its conclusion that I hasten to demur. As one of a group to bring about this gathering, we agreed that public ownership should not be considered—preferring to focus attention upon the possibilities of government regulation. A quite informally selected policy committee, which innocently but without official consent happened to meet, with Frank P. Walsh as chairman, drew up a tentative report from which you quote a paragraph. This report was never adopted. It should never have gone out to the press, prior to submission. The sweeping accusation, indiscriminate and undocumented, of complete failure of such regulation was most unfortunate. It did not express the views of many of us, who are ardent nevertheless about cleaning up the situation, segregating the sheep from the goats.

Your slur as to the "sudden timidity" of the members of regulatory commissions, about participation in any such declaration, also seems unwarranted. These men do, indeed, bear a responsibility to their political superiors. It is all very well for those of us who are accountable only to ourselves to swing the big stick on paper. There was no evidence of any "pressure upon such regulatory machinery as exists" or any grip of a "power trust." These particular men were invited because of their fearlessness, intelligence and, withal, their sanity. In their place I should have felt constrained to do exactly as they did. For The New Republic to conclude, therefore, "that regulation cannot succeed," is both unfortunate and unwarranted.

I have sought in The Public Utilities Fortnightly of May 8 to size up the situation presented by this most successful and worthwhile convention. As a subscriber and sympathetic reader of The New Republic (up to a certain point) I hold that it would be deplorable that liberal-minded students of such highly controversial matters should permit the impression to go forth that there was any lack of agreement as to the necessity for action at this gathering. Whatever differences developed were solely concerned with the means to be adopted for attainment of the desired ends.

Newton Centre, Mass. WILLIAM Z. RIPLEY.

[The members of the regulatory commissions who attended the Conference (with one or two exceptions who, out of comity, yielded to the wishes of the majority of their fellow regulators) expressed not merely their unwillingness to endorse the report drawn up by the policy committee, but unwillingness (a) to sign any report emanating from the Conference, and (b) to have their association with a group making some such report, made public. It was on this basis that The New Republic alluded to their "sudden timidity," a characterization which still seems valid.

Nor do the editors of The New Republic find themselves in agreement with Professor Ripley that the report was "most unfortunate." It was given to the press not as the approved report of the Round Table Conference, but as the report of the Conference's Policy Committee, with the accompanying statement that the Conference had still to approve or disapprove.

It was obviously not possible to document a brief report drawn up in part of one afternoon, on the ground. Nor was it essential. The policy committee was composed of experts who have devoted years to a study of the utilities and the power question. They have watched regulation, as now practised, widely nullified by the courts, by the legal inhibitions on the regulation of the holding companies, by pressure of one kind or another on the commissions, and by a variety of other factors with which any student of the problem is familiar. And while, unquestionably, careful revision and editing of the report might properly have led to the insertion of a qualifying adjective or adverb here and

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tially the report coincided with the conclusions of such authoritative works as that of Professor W. E. Mosher and others ("Electric Utilities," "The Crisis in Public Control"), and of Bonbright and Means ("The Holding Company"), and found ample substantiation in Stephen Raushenbush's "The Power Fight."

Regulation undoubtedly is capable of vast improvement. To assert that it cannot genuinely succeed as long as (*inter alia*) the majority of the Supreme Court of the United States maintains its present economic bias, is certainly not "unwarranted." One need but note the recorded enthusiasm of the utility magnates for regulation as it now exists to appreciate that the regulation which is so thoroughly satisfactory to them can scarcely be adequate for the protection of the consuming and investing public.—THE EDITORS.]

From a Kentucky Editor

SIR: Malcolm Cowley's article in the issue of March 2 entitled "Kentucky Coal Town" was tremendously interesting to me as a newspaper man who is living right in the midst of the conditions of which he was writing.

His trouble is his abysmal ignorance of the actual conditions which exist in the Bell and Harlan County coal fields. His conclusions are the kind which come from a prejudicial and distorted presentation of the actual facts. Any investigator can come into this section and write any kind of story that he chooses to write and be in a measure truthful about it. With a large part of our population in the coal fields unemployed and with our coal operations greatly curtailed and on the verge of bankruptcy, misery in all of its acutest forms exists in our coal camps. It is difficult for anyone to get a correct perspective of the real conditions and many times more difficult for one who must necessarily base his conclusions upon distorted facts.

We who are in the midst of it believe that the effort to solve our difficulties should be coöperative instead of antagonistic. We believe it should be peaceful instead of fratricidal. We believe it should be based upon sane principles of live and let live instead of upon the false and inimical doctrines of the Communist.

Investigators from the outside have revealed an amazing shortsightedness in their efforts to study the economic and social problems of this troubled area. Their trip to Kentucky could have been successful in its efforts to relieve suffering and to study conditions at first hand had they not come heralded and directed by the Communists whose flagrant misrepresentations and fomentations of discord have driven our honest, hard-working, conscientious mountain people into a frenzy of outrage. Because of that condition their coming could not be met with the common decency which is characteristic of the mountain people. With the Reds stabbing our people in the back and gouging into festering sores of admitted economic disorder, our people cannot be decent in the accepted sense.

I am not attempting to condone any outrages whether committed in the name of the law on the part of so-called law-abiding citizens or by striking miners. There is hardly any group but what comes in for criticism. I am claiming, however, that if the visit could have been divorced from its Communist connection and Mr. Cowley and his companions had used ordinary common sense in dealing with an admittedly ticklish problem, the story would have been different.

ROBERT L. KINCAID,
Middlesboro, Ky. Editor, The Middlesboro Daily News.

[Since everybody who helps the striking miners, or even tries to investigate their conditions, is considered to be a Communist in Bell County, we couldn't have proved our essential Americanism to the Pineville authorities except by leaving our relief supplies behind us.—M. C.]

A New World War Veterans' Organization

SIR: A number of World War Veterans who are opposed to the imperialistic and jingo policies of the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars recently met under the auspices of the Civic Club in New York City to form a group which will speak for those thousands of ex-soldiers and sailors who do not approve of the saber-rattling, fascist tactics of the major veterans' organizations.

At a time when millions of Americans are without work and when relief agencies report that thousands of our fellow citizens and their wives and children are in a state verging on starvation, this group feels that the expenditure of millions of public money for armament is inhuman and grossly unwarranted.

The repeated appeals for a larger navy by so-called leaders of veterans' groups at a time when provocative militaristic utterances and activities are likely to plunge the world into another international war was severely condemned by this group of progressive veterans.

The group also went on record as opposing the strike-breaking and reactionary activities in which certain sections of the Legion have indulged from time to time.

All veterans who feel that the time has come for a renunciation of the reactionary and militaristic policies of the American Legion and the V. F. W., and who would like to join this group in New York or form similar groups in other cities are asked to communicate in writing to Charles Yale Harrison, care of the Civic Club, 18 East Tenth Street, New York City.

New York City. CHARLES YALE HARRISON.

In Defense of the Jobless

SIR: Conditions of extreme want and suffering exist in New York City which threaten the health and lives of hundreds of thousands of men, women and children. The existence of these conditions is fully attested to by the reports of the Home Relief Bureau, the Emergency Work Bureau, press publicity for the Block-Aid, the declarations of heads of private relief agencies, and by the demonstrations of the hungry and desperate unemployed.

In the face of this need, 80,000 families are receiving thirty cents a day from the Home Relief Bureau, thousands who were registered were denied any relief through the closing of the Home Relief Bureaus, the Emergency Work Bureau is engaged in wholesale dismissals and the private agencies have declared they are unable to cope with the situation. The entire relief structure threatens to collapse, and over 800,000 persons will be condemned to literal starvation, according to the estimates of Commissioner Taylor.

In response to the dictates of powerful financial interests, the officials of the New York City government have declared that they are unable to provide for the barest sustenance of human life out of a city budget of $700,000,000, $196,000,000 of which is paid in interest to bond holders.

Self-respecting workers, embittered by the misery imposed on them, are refusing to starve patiently and are organizing to demand the right to bread and shelter. In answer to their demands, the police of New York City brutally clubbed unemployed men and women, assembled at City Hall on April 21.

Aroused by the intolerable living conditions to which hundreds of thousands of human beings are condemned by the relief programs of financial interests and politicians and stirred by the courageous refusal of the unemployed to submit to such conditions, over two hundred social workers at a meeting of the Social Workers' Discussion Club at the Stuyvesant Neighborhood House on Monday, April 25, adopted the following statement of protest:

> In support of the demands of the unemployed workers for the right to a decent standard of living,
>
> We protest the starvation of the Home Relief Bureau and demand an immediate and adequate appropriation from the city government for cash relief to all individuals and families in want, and an additional appropriation for useful work projects.
>
> We protest vigorously the brutality of the police in attacking jobless men and women demanding food, and we demand the cessation of all interference with the organization of the unemployed for the immediate improvement of their living conditions.
>
> We endorse the demand of the unemployed for the speedy enactment of a federal bill providing for unemployment insurance to be paid by the state and the employers.

MARION SAKOLAWSKY, Chairman,

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Ford and the Machine

The Tragedy of Henry Ford, by Jonathan Norton Leonard. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 245 pages. $3.

THIS PORTRAIT has set me to thinking about the man Henry Ford and about the art of biography. I do not feel that Mr. Leonard has quite revealed his subject. But if his book is a failure, it is a suggestive one. And it announces an author of indubitable talent, who has only to clarify his aim and find a method to fulfill it, in order to write good books.

The nature of the man Ford is very like the nature of the machine. This, of course, is a metaphor and intended to point not a fact but a truth. If one of Henry Ford's motors could speak, it would, like all of us, judge the world by its own essence and functions; it would idolize Henry Ford, it would utter a philosophy of life very like Ford's, and—turned manufacturer of humans—it would take Ford as its model. Which is another way of saying that Henry Ford is archetypical of that common American in our day who has been so dominated by the machine that his vision and values are machinelike, rather than wholly human. Please note that I said *wholly* human. There is nothing inhuman or anti-human in the machine. The machine is a part of man: no one but man, so far as I know, has ever invented a machine or run one. That the machine is an important part of man, a world full of machinery bears witness: and that the machine can be a beneficent part, its promise under socialism to free the world of drudgery and want makes clear. The point is that the machine *is* a part, not the whole: that it symbolizes and expresses certain aspects of human will and mind, not the whole human being. Henry Ford is a man who thinks and acts and even dreams, as if that part were the whole. In this, he is archetypical of many men today. That is why he was able to succeed in American life. And that is why, however insignificant he may be when judged in the light of human greatness, to understand him is important.

The modern machine, as I have shown elsewhere, is a product less of intellect than of will. The intellect of course prepared for it with its discoveries in the fields of philosophy and mathematics. But its determining factor was volitional: was indeed the same drive for expansion and power in personal, terrestrial terms, from which arose the Renaissance, Capitalism and Democracy. True to its essential human source, the machine works and moves primarily to express man's will. It is pure act toward a specific end, productive or acquisitive; and it can only repeat this end with variants, but without transfiguration. The machine, if it could talk, would ask no questions. Its standards would be in terms of work and of production whose intrinsic value for life it would not challenge. And the one alternative to work, of which it would dream, would be rest or inanition.

This machine, moreover, could it speak, would be ascetic. Lean, pure, stripped for specific action, it would be a fanatical prohibitionist. It wants only such nourishment (oil, gas or coal) as will make it work: every other kind of food or drink it would abhor. Having no ideal except the production of its product and the reproduction of its kind, it would be, not so much hostile as utterly alien, to the realms of experience, contemplation, imagination. Its language would be anti-esthetic. It would know neither history nor art; its notion of the future would be a single-dimensioned continuance of its own work, of its own movement. And when it was not working, it would want to rest—merely to rest: a negative pause to refuel and prepare for work on the morrow.

The machine's credo, if it were turned into a man, would sound something like this:

> The day's work is the foundation of the world. . . . Let everybody work. . . . A man works in a shop; his wife works at home. . . . The man who works hard should have his easy chair, his comfortable fireside, his pleasant surroundings. But no man deserves ease until after his work is done. . . . Life is work, and when work is over, there is nothing to do but wait for death to take you away.

. . . I need scarcely say that these words are from the lips of Henry Ford.

There is one word that summarizes all the traits of the machine. The machine is a *contingent* thing. All beings, of course, are more or less contingent: none is so wholly real-in-itself that it does not depend for existence on what is external to it. But the machine is wholly contingent. It must be fueled by a force outside it; must be directed and run by a force outside it; makes only such motions, products and discoveries as are employed, not for its own increase or use, but for the profit of the force outside it. In a word, the machine is a wholly contingent thing, because it is wholly incapable of absorbing within itself, of making part of itself, these forces outside it. No machine can ever naturalize into its own being the energy and mind that run it, or that made it. Man, also, is a contingent being, and fatally destined to remain so, as long as he is man. But he seems to be distinguished from other things—inanimate or sentient—by his power to absorb within himself, and hence to naturalize, those outside forces that make and run him. This absorption is an evolution called consciousness: it proceeds by such means as knowledge, intuition, experience and conceptual thought. It is the *form* of man's growth. And man's growth, therefore, may be epitomized as the process by which he becomes less contingent: by which he becomes more conscious, more free and independent, more *real* in his essence.

Henry Ford is important, because he so admirably and openly expresses an American spirit which has become national in scope: a spirit which, in the alternative between consciousness and automatism, chooses the latter—the way of the machine: which indeed makes an ideal of *contingency*, and militantly resists or complacently ignores those means and values (creative thought, creative imagination, creative leisure) whereby man has always striven to minimize his dependence on external forces, and to become free, whole, or what Spinoza would have called "real."

And now, we may see that to blame this unconscious American creed on the machine is to put effect before cause. Americans have submitted to a vision of life and to a sense of its values determined by the machine, because the machine articulates their fragmentary vision and values. I admit that once the relation is established, it works in a vicious circle: the false individualism and equally false collectivism of our life tend to exalt the machine, not as a tool but as a cultural symbol, and the established machine aggravates and perpetuates the false personal and social values that enthroned it. But what I wish to make clear is that the nub of the matter is not the machine at all; it is a human soul so stunted that the machine *can* speak for it. The machine is innocent: in fact, as a slave, it will free mankind. But first man must begin to free himself, must move again from contingency toward consciousness and inward wholeness, in order to be free of the machine.

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I find, then, in the destiny of Henry Ford a beautiful symbol. He is the archetype of a degraded humanity which we Americans, for complex reasons that cannot here be touched on, have inherited from our glorious past—or more precisely from the glorious past of Europe. In him were almost perfectly developed those atomic, dissociative impulses of the ego which every infant manifests, which every mature man transfigures, and which the machine fulfills. He is a man cut off, almost completely, from the *human* trend toward spiritual and intellectual freedom; and aggressively loyal to the counter-trend toward unconsciousness, automatism and immersion in herd-life, which every man also has within him.

To call Ford a typical automobile mechanic raised to the *nth* power is, therefore, a calumny to the mechanic. The average mechanic, although he shares and to a great degree lives by Ford's machine-philosophy, is more roundedly human: that is why he remains a mere mechanic. In Ford, certain of the mechanic's traits are hypertrophied; other traits—more contemplative, social and esthetic—are dead. This specialization and intensification of certain common trends is the mark of Ford's low form of genius. By the grace of genius, it made Ford devote himself to the making of popular machines. While the millions bought his product in order to ride around the country, they were unconsciously crowning him as the man who symbolized the dominant vision and values of their lives. In the way of all peoples, the American folk was doing more than it knew. It was making Ford rich, superficially because it liked his car; but deeply because it shared his machine religion. And Ford, unconsciously also, sensed the deep tribute which his wealth conferred and acted as if he were, not a mere manufacturer of cheap cars, but a Prince of the American people.

I am afraid all this was needed in order that I might make one essential point about the book of Mr. Leonard. The material for everything I have said of Ford is in this work. But it is there, almost despite the book's form and method. Unavoidably, since Mr. Leonard is a keen observer, he has portrayed Ford by implication as a man wholly unconscious, with values and activity centered (like a machine's) outside himself and beyond his own control. But Mr. Leonard has employed a method of critical portraiture whose laws are based on an opposite assumption: that the subject can be understood, focused and portrayed within the limits of his own person.

This method became popular with Lytton Strachey. The straightforward biographical portrait goes back to Plutarch, Tacitus, Suetonius; but the true models of Strachey were French, notably La Bruyère, Voltaire and Saint Simon. These masters, like Strachey, were critical, if not satirical, in their treatment of their subjects. But they worked in a medium that was still stable: they had to question neither the social basis of their world nor the psychological components of their souls. They could take economic and spiritual background for granted, and devote themselves to the individual foreground: they could therefore accept, with critical variations, a classic model for their portraits.

But this method was already unsound for Strachey. For he was criticizing his Victorians from the bias of a profound social and psychological shift—a shift that alone justified his temper and explained his vogue. Yet this shifting world—the true determinant of his books—is not explicit in Strachey's portraits: he drew his figures, indeed, like those of Saint Simon or La Bruyère, as if he were occupying the same stable background. Strachey was therefore a merely clever and ephemeral writer. But his individualistic method—with its false assumption of a background that can be taken for granted—has spawned a whole progeny of biographers in whom the method is progressively more false as the foundations of the classic world progressively decay.

I assume that Mr. Leonard is a young writer. His book shows that he is a very gifted writer. But his work on Ford is invalidated by the Strachey method. He portrays his subject throughout in the medium of a disapproval due to his own social and psychological values. These values are a more recent product of the same world that made Henry Ford. Yet neither the values nor the world-background are made clear. The personal life of Ford should have been portrayed as a *surface* (like his machine) of the American forces that created him. The picture of his comic idiosyncracies, of his clownish phobia for learning and for cities, of his blind humanitarianism and equally blind inhumanity as an employer, of his evangelical sense of destiny, would then have been rendered plastic by the world-substance within them. And Mr. Leonard's book would have been even more amusing—and important.

His case points to one of the mortal dangers before the American author: the danger of bad models. Almost all the conspicuous leaders of the 1920's—and they still lead—were talented but superficial men who in one way or another failed to master their subject, to relate their material with their method, and in consequence to produce a living form. In the novel, in the poem, in the critical and historical essay, the 1920's were an epoch of frantic and false surfaces: and these surfaces have made tradition! The few men of these days who dealt, and who deal, with essences have worked for the most part in a literary insulation as complete as that which made Whitman, Melville and Poe incomprehensible to their fellows.

WALDO FRANK.

Symbolic Melodrama

Thurso's Landing and Other Poems, by Robinson Jeffers. New York: Liveright, Inc. 147 pages. $2.50.

Descent to the Dead: Poems Written in Ireland and Great Britain, by Robinson Jeffers. New York: Random House. 29 pages. $7.50.

POETRY is an exercise of consciousness, and a product of civilization. But Jeffers' nihilism turns poetry against poetry, consciousness against itself. Logically, his steady stream of books, increasing, if anything, in clarity and power, is itself a betrayal of his own reiterated allegiance to the retreating drift of the remoter star-swirls "fleeing the contagion of consciousness that infects this corner of space." There is, one feels, something of wish fulfilment in this picture; something almost paranoiac in the attitude of the man who, scornful among the crowd of tourists watching a Taos pueblo corn dance, declares:

> Only the drum is confident, it thinks the world has not changed. Apparently only myself and the strong
> Tribal drum and the rockhead of Taos mountain, remember that civilization is a transient sickness.

Transient, perhaps, but why "sickness"—a word no less dangerous than "good" or "evil" in the mouth of the artist who aspires to a quasi-divine objectivity? In contemplating the universal life-and-death equilibrium, Jeffers is a partisan; always his nerves tighten and the rhythm of his style beats warmest and most happily in the contemplation

of death. What he gives us, therefore, is not real objectivity; not so much truth, as a temperament.

Death; not incest this time. And not so much the individual's approach to death—Jeffers' characters in "Thurso's Landing" are still so little credible as human beings that one is tempted to interpret them otherwise: as spiritual parts of America, perhaps. Certainly his scene—again a Coast Range canyon—is like a carefully arranged symbolic stage, set for the last act of our civilization, the descent to the dead. Here is the plot:

Reave Thurso's father owned several Coast Range canyons containing redwood and limestone. He burnt lime and transported it to the holds of ships by a skip traveling on a long cable strung across the gorge. His enterprise failed and he killed himself. Reave's mother despised her husband. She kept one canyon and made a farm. Reave grew up hating his father's weakness. His lame brother Mark is "kindly and full of pity toward every creature, but really at heart as cold as Reave." Reave "never set his mind on anything yet but got it with a strong hand." He got his wife Helen after this fashion. She despises the force which, being both cold and childish, is not power; hates the pragmatic virtue which is merely stupidity; is resolved not to let the days of her life "hang like a string of naughts between two nothings." She seduces Reave's friend and tricks him into running off with her to the desert. Reave finds her after a year of search and brings her back. Mark is haunted by the ghost of the weakling father. Reave cuts the cable that webs the canyon in order to destroy the last corrupting vestiges of his father's failure, but in its fall the cable breaks Reave's back; he comes home from the hospital tortured and helpless. Mark, the futile, sensitive idealist, goes mad with belated lust for Helen and hangs himself. Reave won't kill himself or let Helen kill him. With Mark lying dead in the house, he demands that he be carried to the top of the canyon, to plan the further destruction of his father's rusting handiwork. There, as a storm drives over the headland, Helen cuts his throat; the hawklike mother approves the act of the woman she has always distrusted, insisting only that Helen follow murder with suicide.

The story, according to Jeffers, is without conscious symbolic implication. Yet one might easily construct a plausible interpretation: that "the great cable that spanned the gorge from the hill, with a rusted iron skip hanging from it like a stuck black moon" is a symbol representing our stupid industrialism against which the suicide father shut his eyes with a bullet; that the hawklike mother represents the harder force of pioneer America on the make, when it was still functioning and faith-whole. In Reave this force has become not strength but a disease. He will not kill himself or permit himself to be eliminated—few capitalists die and none resigns. Finally, Helen and Mark are like nothing so much as contemporary liberals. Says Helen:

> Oh, Mark, tell me what's good, I don't know which way to turn. Is there anything good? Whisper, whisper.
> That mold of hard beef and bone never asks,
> He never wonders, took it ready-made when he was a baby, never changes, can't change. You and I
> Have to wonder at the world and stand between choices. That's why we're weak and ruled. If we could ever
> Find out what's good, we'd do it. . . .

Jeffers thinks this is his best book; the reviewer agrees that it expresses better than earlier volumes what Jeffers has to express: the death-wish of a spent civilization. The shorter volume contains a dozen excellent short pieces which reënforce this theme. The Irish and British dead desire no resurrection: "a fool of a merchant who'd sell good earth and grass again to make modern flesh." Meanwhile, of course, the buzz of consciousness continues; there are even signs of an emerging revolutionary literature in America and elsewhere, the work of poets ardently partisan for human life and the conquests of consciousness. Their ardors are just as valid as Jeffers' enthusiasm for basalt and grave-maggots.

JAMES RORTY.

Eight-Cylinder Blues

A Modern Hero, by Louis Bromfield. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.50.

IN THIS novel Mr. Bromfield, encouraged perhaps by the critical laurels hitherto bestowed on him, goes decidedly epic. Contenting himself here with no niggardly twenty-four hours, he gives us three generations of his hero's family and attempts, in the rise and fall of Paul Rader, to show that worldly success may be accompanied by personal unhappiness; that today's cult of business makes little provision for the soul. But Mr. Bromfield, however pleasantly he writes, is a very poor civilization-indicter. His characters are so exaggerated that we refuse to accept them as real; they are like stock figures in a melodrama—exciting, but not to be taken seriously.

The hero, for example, is not a typical business success of twentieth-century America: Paul is a fantastic individual who is at times insanely lucky and at other times absurdly unlucky. In point of incredibility, the story of how he arrived transcends the fantasies of the average movie. A one-time circus bareback rider, he opens a bicycle and automobile-repair shop in partnership with a mechanical genius he providentially meets. In his spare time, by a process that is never made clear, this genius manufactures an automobile better than any on the market. A few days later, as he is tooting about in this contraption, whose car should break down in the road ahead, right near the repair shop, but that of old Homer Flint, the wealthiest man in Chicago! One thing leads to another, Flint puts the new car on the market, Partner Paul marries his only daughter; and loin cloth and pink tights are superseded by custom-made suits, circus tents by a Chicago mansion. Paul's business shrewdness is hinted at but never shown; we are given superficial glimpses of upholstered offices and there are vague allusions to important "deals"; but the actual facts of his business career are never clearly set forth. One cannot escape the feeling that Mr. Bromfield, for all his pretentious *mise en scène,* doesn't know what he's talking about.

His hero's fall is even less convincing. He loses all his money through the machinations of a now hostile father-in-law, who has discovered that he had a son by another woman before his marriage; his mistress deserts him; his son Peter, who has come to be his chief delight and source of escape from the dreary, wealthy, provincial world into which he has climbed, gets killed in an accident while driving a Flint-manufactured car his father has just given him; and Paul, returning from the funeral, quarrels with his wife and kills her. As we leave him he seems headed for the electric chair.

Now, granting for the sake of argument and Mr. Bromfield that all these things could happen to one man, they are material for a cheap novel, and nothing more. To interpret modern society, business and ideals through the re-

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actions of an unusual character like Paul Rader is absurd. And the minor people of the book, who include horribly overdrawn Manhattan society women and fly-by-night millionaires, are similarly lacking in substance. Paul's youthful affair with the country girl who becomes the mother of his son is one of the few convincing episodes. Possibly Mr. Bromfield should confine himself to less pretentious venture.

GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN.

New Wisdom for a New Age

Essays in Persuasion, by John Maynard Keynes. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 376 pages. $2.50.

FOR YEARS after the War, Great Britain struggled persistently and heroically to increase the burden of her national debt, to diminish the value of her exports, and to increase the volume of her unemployment. It seems incredible that any nation should have striven so gallantly to ruin itself. But the policy of ruin was highly respectable. It was called "restoring the pound to its pre-war value." Of course, when the pound, after hovering around $4.40 for about three years, was eventually restored to $4.87, most bondholders in Great Britain began drawing a generous dole (it is not ordinarily realized that the principal recipients of the dole in Great Britain have been bondholders, not the unemployed), but that was not the main reason why the policy was pursued. National pride, rather than the self-interest of the rentier class, seems to be the explanation. Against the policy of deflation that was ascendant in Great Britain in one form or another until September 21, 1931, no one protested more vigorously than Mr. Keynes. This book contains the record of his protest against this and many other follies of post-war economic policy. But the essays are not confined to protests. They also include his explanation both of the world industrial depression of 1930 and of the financial crisis which developed from it in 1931, his suggestions for dealing with unemployment in Great Britain, his arguments for a British tariff, and finally his views on some basic issues of economic organization.

The book vividly reflects Mr. Keynes's amazing ability to be of the world and yet to keep his bearings in the rush of events. Perhaps his zeal for a stable price level has caused him to underestimate the disadvantages of fluctuating exchange rates for a country so dependent upon foreign trade as Great Britain. And the peculiar post-war problems of Great Britain cause him to exaggerate the inexpediency of *slowly* falling prices and to overlook the fact that they are an enormously powerful stimulant of technological progress—possibly too powerful a stimulant. But no economist ever commands complete agreement and these essays must rank as among the sanest and most penetrating writings on current policy in the history of economics.

Mr. Keynes is best known in this country as a student of monetary problems, but he is more than this. He is an extraordinarily keen and discriminating thinker on the general subject of economic organization. In fact, his belief in a managed currency is simply one facet of his belief in a managed and guided economic system. But Mr. Keynes's views on the problems of controlling industrial activity differ from those of many students of economic organization. He appreciates vividly that the very growth of control creates the urgent necessity of economizing the attention of the government. The important thing is, not for the government to do the things individuals are already doing and to do them a little better or a little worse, but for it to do the things which at present are not being done at all. He specifically points out that few so-called outstanding questions are really so unimportant as the nationalization of the railroads—incidentally this applies to the United States as well as to Great Britain. The really important economic problems are such things as the control of population (of momentous import is the possibility that birth control may eventually reverse the differential birth rate), the regulation of currency, credit and banking (witness our own 3,000 and more bank failures during the last two years), and the guidance of saving and investment.

Mr. Keynes believes that the ideal size of the unit of control lies, for many purposes, between the individual enterprise and the modern state, and he believes that progress lies in the recognition of semi-autonomous bodies within the state. Doubtless he is right, but he gives his readers little hint of the difficulties of controlling some of these intermediate bodies. Especially when they take the form of associations of producers, there is grave danger that in times of depression they will attempt to stabilize prices at the expense of employment and in so doing will prolong and intensify the slumps. How can this be prevented? Plainly when we abandon our long-standing policy of letting things take their course, we face the necessity, as Mr. Keynes says, of inventing a new wisdom for a new age. Before we succeed, we shall make many mistakes, but no economist is likely to make a greater contribution to the new wisdom than Mr. Keynes.

SUMNER H. SLICHTER.

Book Notes

MEMOIRS, FOREIGN AND NATIVE

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ADVENTURER, by J. T. Trebitsch-Lincoln. *Translated by Emile Burns. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 291 pages. $2.50.*

The author, born a Jew, tried acting in Budapest, apostatized, conducted an Episcopal mission to Canadian Jews, preached in England, became an M. P., speculated in Rumanian oil, fled from England, was jailed in America, plotted revolutions (in cahoots with anti-Semitic nationalists) in Germany, Austria, Hungary, spied for the French and the Czechs, advised Wu Pei-fu in China and is, *pro tem*, a Buddhist monk. The tale, however, like the career, is sordid rather than interesting. The liar seems to lurk behind the phrases and one is convinced rather of the gullibility (begotten by petty or questionable ambitions) of the Episcopalian Church, of Foreign Departments and political leaders, than of Mr. Trebitsch-Lincoln's cleverness.

ONCE A GRAND DUKE, by Alexander, Grand Duke of Russia. *New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 348 pages, illustrated. $3.50.*

Inasmuch as all the Grand Duke's papers, letters, diaries and documents which he did not himself destroy were seized by the revolutionaries in 1917, he has been forced to fall back on his imagination, a porous memory and a rich fund of class prejudice to supply him with material for the present volume of memoirs. Since it lacks all documentation, the book's main interest for the reader or historian lies in its sidelights on life among the lofty and on the boastful and bumptious character of the Grand Duke himself, whose recurrent theme throughout the book is, "If I had only been Tsar." Had this blessing descended upon Russia, the Grand Duke makes it clear that his country would have been preserved from the inherently weak character of his unfortunate cousin Nicky, who surrendered "one-sixth of the earth's surface to a mob of drunken reservists and rioting workers." The volume ends with a paean to the Religion of Love, and the statement that "thirteen years of the Communistic experiment killed my illusions of the great power of Ideas."

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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF PEGGY EATON, with a preface by Charles F. Deems. *New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 216 pages. $2.50.*

About Peggy Eaton's supposed indiscretions with her second husband, John Eaton, before her marriage to him, revolved a good deal of scandal in the Washington of Andrew Jackson's administration, and Andrew Jackson himself wrote lengthy letters to clergymen to defend the wife of his Minister of War. In her old age, Peggy Eaton, indignant about the remarks in James Parton's life of Jackson, dictated this autobiography at the suggestion of her clergyman for the purpose, as he explains in his preface, of allowing herself to "let off steam," but not for immediate publication. The remarkable vivacity and personality of the woman whose life was punctuated by suiciding youths, two devoted husbands, and a third who ran off with a woman of his own age—leaving poor Peggy a hundred-dollar bill—make the brief record of her life considerably more than a quaint historical document.

Science

ADVANCING SCIENCE, by Sir Oliver Lodge. *New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 191 pages. $2.*

Few scientists are better situated than Sir Oliver Lodge to give a comprehensive and readable account of British science—especially physics—during the last half-century. The present volume, decanted as it were from his longer autobiography, is an effort in this direction. Primarily concerned with the activities of the British Association for the Advancement of Science from 1869 to 1900, it describes for the lay reader many of the outstanding personalities and achievements in science during that period. We meet such men as Tyndall and Huxley, Sir William Thomson, Lord Kelvin, Alfred Russel Wallace, Crookes, Sir Robert Ball, Fitzgerald, Heaviside and many others; we are told of the work done in electromagnetics, wave mechanics and quantum theory, with some interesting facts on practical application to wireless and radio. The book is written in a leisurely, rather anecdotal manner, with frequent light touches and numerous extracts from the work of his contemporaries. Towards the end Sir Oliver permits himself a few reflections bearing on his well known interest in the psychical aspects of modern physical theory: these "extrapolations," however, need disturb no one—the scientist, perhaps, least of all.

RAMBLING THROUGH SCIENCE, by A. L. De Leeuw. *New York: Whittlesey House. 320 pages. $2.50.*

It is disturbing to find, on page 65 of this latest contribution to popular science, the completely erroneous statement that "these individual units of electricity, these electrons, can be *either positive or negative.* If an atom should carry a negative charge and it should meet a *positive* electron. . . . " That this extraordinary slip is due to carelessness rather than ignorance is proved by the correct statement on page 205 that "electrons are masses of *negative* electricity" (italics ours). Mr. De Leeuw's book, for all its homely imagery and pleasant information, errs through too casual a treatment of subjects which require considerable intellectual effort if we are to have even a little sound knowledge of them: and why does the author, in his discussion of atoms, deliberately employ the "planetary" concept which he—no less than J. J. Thomson, Niels Bohr and all responsible physicists—admits to be inadequate and misleading? Isn't it about time that the layman be permitted to suspect that science is *not* a collection of attractive metaphors, and that a thing is not necessarily understood because it is—or resembles—something familiar?

WORLD CHAOS: The Responsibility of Science, by William McDougall. *New York: Covici-Friede. 117 pages. $1.25.*

The eminent psychologist whose name appears on the title page of this small book seems to have given up all but a shred of hope for the fate of what he calls Western Civilization. With a valor unembarrassed by the claims of discretion and "with ruthless disregard of the feelings of my scientific colleagues," McDougall portrays the confusion worse confounded of our present world situation, which he attributes to the uncontrolled [illegible] "science"—meaning by that the *physical* sciences. These, by their ominous precision and inhumanity, have gradually made civilization more "topheavy and lopsided": to which condition such things as birth control *and overpopulation!*—mass production, decay of the family, and international finance have generously contributed. The thesis lacks novelty and, under McDougall's alarmist treatment suggests comparison with a medieval "plague tract." The shred of hope turns out to be in the more deliberate study and improvement of the *social* sciences—headed, as we may infer, by psychology.

Fiction

CALL HOME THE HEART, by Fielding Burke. *New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $2.50.*

"A gal she must marry, and a wife she must carry." Ishma Waycaster, the restless heroine of this novel, fulfills both lines from the mountain ballad—and more. Still pregnant, she descends to the North Carolina piedmont with another man, and is soon engaged actively on the side of the workers in a textile-mill strike. After a time, however, the mountains call her back, and she returns to her husband. Too many elements have entered her story to allow it a firm artistic line; but it is the expression of a warm-hearted and distinctively American romanticism. The book is topically interesting, moreover, for what it reveals of mountain life and of labor conditions like those at Gastonia.

FERNEY, by Donald Stewart. *London: Desmond Harmsworth. 7 shillings 6 pence.*

This posthumous novel is the work of a young writer who promised to contribute something of his own to English letters. The scene of the book is laid in Ferney, that small French town near the Swiss border where Voltaire spent his busiest years. The implications of the setting are carried out in the story, which has a sour-sweetness that simultaneously suggests the sharpness of Voltaire and the serenity of the French countryside. Elizabeth, thirty, quietly celebrating her release from a life of seclusion, meets Mark, middle-aged, a man of changing moods who comes to Ferney to escape his wife for a few days. The only English guests at the hotel, they quickly become friends, and fall in love with each other for qualities which neither possesses. Their brief relationship is described in a style both natural and highly sensitized.

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Contributors

MARIE de L. WELCH, who divides her time between California and France, will publish her second volume of verse next fall, her first one being "Of a Feather," which she describes as "ornithological verse."

GEORGE S. COUNTS, who has been professor of Education at Teachers' College, Columbia University, since 1927, has published a number of volumes on the various aspects of education. The articles which The New Republic is publishing contain the substance of several recent addresses before educational societies. They will be published in expanded form by the John Day Company as a pamphlet during the next month.

WALDO FRANK, author of "Holiday," "Rahab," "City Block" and several other volumes of fiction, social criticism and travel, has completed his latest book, "Dawn in Russia," which Scribner's will bring out next July.

JAMES RORTY, who was formerly an advertising copy writer, is at present writing a book on advertising.

GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN, a contributor to Fortune and The New Yorker, has written book reviews for The Bookman, The Herald Tribune and other publications.

SUMNER H. SLICHTER is a professor of Business Economics at Harvard University and the author of "Modern Economic Society," a survey of the existing economic order.

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